(112.)

Liz,
Thanks for all
your help!

TERMINATOR

by

James Cameron with Gale Anne Hurd

Property of:

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TERMINATOR

A1 TITLE SEQUENCE - SLITSCAN EFFECT A1

1 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - NIGHT 1

Gradually the sound of distant traffic becomes audible.
A LOW ANGLE bounded on one side by a chain-link fence and on the other by the one-story public school buildings. Spray-can hieroglyphics. A Los Angeles public school in a blue collar neighborhood.

ANGLE BETWEEN SCHOOL BUILDINGS, where a trash dumpster looms in a LOW ANGLE. A CAT crosses FRAME.

CLOSE ON CAT, which freezes, alert, sensing something just beyond human perception.

A sourceless wind rises, and with it a keening WHINE.
Papers blow across the pavement.
The cat YOWLS and hides under the dumpster.
Windows rattle in their frames.
The WHINE intensifies, accompanied now by a wash of frigid PURPLE LIGHT. A CONCUSSION like a thunderclap right overhead blows in all the windows facing the yard.

C.U. - CAT, its eyes are wide as the glare dies.

1A/FX ANGLE - DUMPSTER 1A/FX

ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES arc from the dumpster to a water faucet and climb a drain pipe like a Jacob's Ladder.

2 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - NIGHT 2

SLOW PAN as the sound of stray electrical CRACKLING subsides.
FRAME comes to rest on the figure of a NAKED MAN kneeling, faced away, in the previously empty yard.
He stands, slowly.
The man is in his late thirties, tall and powerfully built, moving with graceful precision.

He is the TERMINATOR.

He glances down, taking calm inventory of himself, and notices that a fine white ash covers his skin. He brushes at it unconcernedly as he walks toward the fence, scanning his surroundings.

2A/FX CRANE SHOT-SCHOOLYARD/CITY - NIGHT 2A/FX

CAMERA MOVES UP as Terminator approaches the schoolyard fence, beyond which is an embankment rolling down in darkness to the cityscape below. The night clouds are shot through with occasional flashes of LIGHTNING, presaging a thunderstorm.

CONTINUED

2A/FX CONTINUED 2A/FX

Terminator stands, hands on hips in perfect symmetry, gazing down at the city as the CAMERA REACHES FULL HEIGHT.

3 EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT 3

A beer bottle SMASHES on the ground. PULL BACK to include its ex-owner and his two compatriots, YOUTH GANG MEMBERS, lounging on the jungle gym of a deserted playground. They sport nondescript PUNK REGALIA...torn T-shirts, fatigue pants, combat boots or high-top sneakers, leather jackets.

The leader notices something and sits up.

LEADER
(pointing)
Hey, hey...what's wrong with this picture?

Seen past the lounging toughs, Terminator walks naked into a pool of streetlight, striding purposefully toward them.

They slide from their perches and drop easily to the ground, liquid shadows.

LEADER
Nice night for a walk, eh?

Terminator stops in front of them.

TERMINATOR
(without inflection)
Nice night for a walk.

They surround him, all swagger and malicious good humor.

SECOND PUNK
Washday tomorrow, huh? Nothing clean, right?

Terminator eyes them without expression, unhurried. Reptilian.

TERMINATOR
Nothing clean. Right.

LEADER
This guy's a couple bricks short.

Terminator turns to the second punk, ignoring the others.

TERMINATOR
Your clothes. Give them to me.

The punks exchange glances, dismayed.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED 3

TERMINATOR
(coldly)
Now.

SECOND PUNK
(bracing)
Fuck you, asshole.

Without warning Terminator hammer-punches him in the temple, flinging him with a CLANG into the jungle gym. He drops to the ground in a still heap.

The leader whips out his SWITCHBLADE and slashes in one motion. Terminator catches the knife-wielder's wrist in an inhuman grip. the punches the leader with piledriver force just below the breastbone.

ANGLE - PAVEMENT, as the knife clatters down. The punk's combat boots are on tiptoe, barely touching the ground.

ANGLE - TWO SHOT, Terminator and the leader close together. The punk's eyes are wide, his veins distended with an agonizing pressure. Terminator jerks his fist back with a WET SOUND and the other drops OUT OF FRAME.

The last tough is stumbling away, gaping with terror. He backs into a chainlink fence, turns to run along it, finds he is in a corner.

Terminator takes a step toward him, his gaze ominous.

The punk begins shakily stripping off his clothes. Thunder peals overhead.

CUT TO:

4 OMITTED 4

5 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET/ALLEY - NIGHT 5

Another part of the city. Seedy apartments and storefronts. SLOW DOLLY into the mouth of a narrow alley lined with trash containers and fire escapes. From a recessed doorway, an angry, inarticulate DRUNKARD'S MONOLOGUE rises occasionally above the rain sounds.

The derelict is roused from his bitter stupor by a brilliant purple glare. A shockwave hurls trash into the air. Painted over windows shatter.
Rats scurry, blinded.

A FIGURE drops INTO FRAME as if out of the sky and smacks the pavement with a muddy splash.

C.U. - DERELICT, as he blinds at the fading glare, amazed.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED 5

A NAKED MAN, compact and muscular, rises in a defensive crouch. KYLE REESE is 26, his face hard, eyes grim. A scar traverses one side of his face. Other scars, from burns and bullets, mar his hard-muscled body.

Electrical ARCS lace back and forth between the fire escapes behind him. He spins, hearing a scream of animal agony.

Reese lurches to his feet and sprints across the alley.

5A/6 OMITTED 5A/6

* 7 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT 7 *

Reese descends to the alley floor and crosses to the drunk huddled in the doorway.

Reese crouches down as if to speak to the drunk.

DERELICT
Say, buddy...did you see a real bright light?

8 EXT. ALLEY/SAME - NIGHT 8

A brilliant white glare stabs into the alley mouth as an LAPD cruiser glides slowly by on the street. The searchlight illuminates the figure of Reese, crouching over the sprawled drunk, just pulling on the other's trousers.

The cruiser chirps to a stop. The doors fly open and two cops leap out.

FIRST COP
Hold it, right there!

Reese hitches his pants and bolts like a shot. The cops draw their guns and race into the alley after him.

HANDHELD CAMERA or PANAGLIDE, rushing with Reese along the narrow alley. He vaults a pile of tumbled trashcans. Whips around a corner. Leaps the hood of a parked car in the cross alley.

9 EXT. CROSS ALLEY - NIGHT 9

Reese hits a chain link gate at a dead run. Scrambles over it. The cops round the corner a moment later. They separate.

10 OMITTED 10

11 EXT. ALLEY/NEARBY - NIGHT 11

Reese runs full tilt, displaying incredible agility.

ANGLE - ALLEY MOUTH, Reese flashes through intermittent cross-lighting in the B.G.

Another unit arrives out front and Reese melts back into the alley, only to see a cop round the corner behind him. Sandwiched. Reese crashes into a steel door, rending the lock, and vanishes into the darkness within.

12 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT 12

Reese finds himself among the display racks of a discount department store. A searchlight stabs in the front window as he dashes into the maze of aisles.

Three cops enter behind him through the shattered door.

FAST PANAGLIDE WITH REESE, as he crab-runs low among the moving shadows where flashlights quarter the darkness. He bolts the open space behind a display window. Sees the outside searchlight sweep toward him. Freezes.

ANGLE ON REESE, his feral face frozen among the smooth-featured, smiling mannequins. As the light passes, Reese silently moves on.

ANGLE - COP, passing the end of a long aisle B.G. while in the F.G. a hand ENTERS FRAME, removing a long overcoat from a hanger. Reese does a fast crab-walk across the aisles to melt into the other racks and shadows.

13 OMITTED 13

14 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE 14

TRACKING WITH REESE as he rounds a corner on the run, still shrugging into his long coat.
Running smack at him is the first cop, gun aimed.

Without slowing, Reese leaps toward him, twising in mid-air like a cat. The cop FIRES. Misses. Goes down under Reese's tackle and they slide together on the polished floor.

Before they even come to rest, Reese snatches the cop's gun, aiming it at the other's face two-handed.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED 14

REESE
What day is it? The date...

FIRST COP
Thursday...uh...May twelfth.

REESE
(viciously)
What year?

A SHOT whines off the metal side of an escalator behind Reese's head. He vaults the escalator rail, leaving the amazed cop lying on the floor.

Reese bounds up the frozen steps, pocketing the .38 Police Special in his coat.

Cops dash through the maze of aisles, converging at the escalators.

15 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE/SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 15

WHIP PANNING WITH REESE,as he hurtles between displays. He stops for a moment beside a rack of shoes. Slaps one of a pair of tennis shoes sole-to-sole against his bare foot. Too small. Another. Holding the shoes he runs on.

16 EXT. SECOND FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE LANDING - NIGHT 16

A door opens quietly and Reese slips out.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM as he moves like a panther along the narrow catwalk. TILT DOWN to include the first LAPD cruiser parked at the mouth of the alley.

17 EXT. ALLEY/STREET - NIGHT 17

Reese drops cat-like beside the unattended police car. Cautiously, he opens the door of the cruiser, removes the RIOT GUN, an Ithaca pump model, from the dash rack and slips it under his coat. Cradled in a vertical position, the shortened weapon is virtually invisible.

He walks out onto the street and away, unhurriedly, an innocuous pedestrian soon lost in the night.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. STREET/NEARBY - NIGHT 18

Reese enters a telephone booth. Harsh light rakes across his face, outlining the long scar. He opens the directory, leafs through it.

ANGLE - MACRO ON PAGE, Reese's finger slides down a column. Stops beside the following listings in the big metropolitan white pages:
CONNOR, SARAH
CONNOR, SARAH ANN
CONNOR, SARAH J.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING 19

A typical L.A. morning of diffuse sunlight.

MOVING WITH A GIRL on a MOPED as she zips through traffic. SARAH CONNOR is 19, pretty in a flawed, accessible way.

Sarah maneuvers nimbly, apparently in a hurry.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. BIG JEFF'S RESTAURANT - DAY 20

Sarah buzzes into the parking lot of Big Jeff's Family Restaurant and chains her moped to the icon of Big Jeff himself. The fiberglass cherub holds up his mammoth hamburger in perpetual homage to whatever deity watches out for fat kids.
Sarah removes a stack of college textbooks from the luggage carrier and turns to go into the restaurant.

SARAH
(to Big Jeff)
Watch this for me, big buns.

21 INT. BIG JEFF'S/DINING AREA - DAY 21

Sarah enters, crossing through the counter area amid the bustle of the lunch rush.

She falls in briefly alongside NANCY, a plump gum-chewing waitress who is hurriedly tying on her apron.

SARAH
(low)
I'm late.

NANCY
(low)
So am I.

22 OMITTED 22

23 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 23

Sarah bangs through the swinging staff door and approaches the time-card rack.
She inserts her card in the punch clock.
MACRO ON CARD: "SARAH CONNOR"
The punch-clock CLUNKS loudly.

CUT TO:

24/25 OMITTED 24/25

26 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY 26

TIGHT ON LOCKER DOOR as it slams shut, revealing Sarah transformed into a Big Jeff's girl:
Hair in a bun and a milk-maid uniform with a short, flared skirt.

She ponders the absurdity of her reflection in the mirror. Pinches her cheeks. Smiles vacuously.

SARAH
Hi, I'm Sarah and I'll be your waitress.
(pause)
I'm so fucking wholesome.

CUT TO:

26A INT. DINING AREA - DAY 26A

Sarah runs the gauntlet between tables, precariously balancing two full dinner plates on one arm and hand-carrying a third.

She sidesteps a hyperactive kid bouncing along the aisle on a jump-ball.

Nancy squeezes past her, going the other way.

SARAH
I'm in it.

NANCY
So am I.

A customer tugs on her apron for attention and she barely averts contributing the chili size to his wardrobe.

CUSTOMER
Honey, can I get that coffee now?

SARAH
Yes sir, just a second.

CONTINUED

26A CONTINUED 26A

She reaches her table after near collisions with a Mexican busboy and two teenage girls doing cheerleading routines in lock-step.

SARAH
Who gets the Burly Beef?

CUSTOMER TWO
I ordered Barbeque Beef.

CUSTOMER THREE
Does mine come with fries?

CUSTOMER FOUR
He's got the Barbeque Beef,
I've got a Chili-Beef Deluxe.

SARAH
Okay, who gets the Burly Beef?

CUSTOMER AT NEXT TABLE

Miss, we're ready to order.

In the process of setting down all the plates Sarah knocks over someone's water glass.

SARAH
(mopping frantically)
Oh, sorry. That's not real
leather, is it?

As she cleans up the spill, a kid at the next booth reaches over and dumps a scoop of ice cream into the tip pouch of Sarah's apron.

She stares down at the mess melting over her hard-earned and sags with defeat. Nancy stops beside her to whisper:

NANCY
Look at it this way: in a
hundred years, who's gonna
care?

CUT TO:

27 INT./EXT. BEIGE STATION WAGON - DAY 27

Terminator crosses a small parking lot, approaching a nondescript station wagon.
He punches in the side window.
Unlocks it. Gets in.

With a blow from the heel of his hand Terminator smashes loose the ignition assembly and strips the wires with a brutal twist of his fingers. Touching the proper wires he starts the car.

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED 28

28A EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY 28A

Terminator walks past the long display window of an enormous pawnshop emporium. Signs declare, among other things, GUNS AND AMMO in red block letters.
Terminator passes the appliance section, and the pictures on a row of TV sets distort and break-up sequentially as he walks by, returning to normal behind him.

He enters the store.

29 INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY 29

TIGHT ON GLASS COUNTERTOP as an AR-180 ASSAULT RIFLE WITH SCOPE is laid beside a number of other guns: a COLT K-MODEL .45 ACP, a SMITH AND WESSON .38 FOUR-INCH.

TERMINATOR (V.O.)
...the Remington 1100 Autoloader...

WIDE as the CLERK, who looks like a sick lizard, pallid and paunchy, takes the rifle from a wall rack. He lays it beside the arsenal of perfectly legal anti-human artillery already on the glass counter.
Terminator scans expressionlessly for additional selections.

CLERK
Anything else?

TERMINATOR
A phased plasma pulse-laser in the forty watt range...

CLERK
(annoyed)
Just what you see, pal.

He indicates the display case and wall racks with a minimal gesture.

TERMINATOR
The UZI 9 millimeter.

CLERK
(setting it out)
You know your weapons, buddy.

Terminator examines each in turn, working the actions with curt, precise movements.

CLERK
(continuing)
Any one of them's ideal for home defense. Which'll it be?

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED 29

TERMINATOR
All.

The clerk digs deep and finds a scrap of a smile.

CLERK
Maybe I'll close early.

He turns around, fumbling in a drawer for the registration papers. Terminator picks up a box of shotgun shells.

CLERK
There'll be a fifteen day wait on the handguns, but you can take the rifles today if you...

He turns.
Seeing Terminator loading shells into the shotgun.

CLERK
Hey...you can't...

TERMINATOR
Wrong.

He raises the barrel and pulls the trigger. The gun THUNDERS.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. GAS STATION/PHONE BOOTH - DAY 30

The beige station wagon pulls to a stop beside a single phone booth.

MOVING WITH TERMINATOR, as he gets out, walks to the booth and rapidly pulls its occupant out by his greasy T-shirt, flinging him backward into the parking lot. The guy is bear-like, slab-handed, but Terminator doesn't even glance as he steps in to take the man's place.

MAN
(outraged)
Hey, man...

31 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY 31

A woman's voice, a faint reedy monologue, issues from the dangling receiver.
Terminator leafs rapidly through the directory.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED 31

ANGLE - C.U. PAGES FLIPPING

ANGLE - MACRO SHOT, as Terminator's finger comes to rest beside a now-familiar listing:

CONNOR, SARAH

CUT TO:

31A INT./EXT. SERVICE TUNNEL - DAY 31A

TIGHT ON KYLE REESE'S HANDS as they make the last few strokes with a hacksaw to sever the wooden stock from the riot gun. It clatters to the ground, leaving a short stump, like a pistol grip.

CUT WIDER as Reese hefts the weapon. He is crouched in an underground service tunnel below a busy street. Shadows of people walking across a grating in the sidewalk above him flicker past. He checks the gun's action carefully. He slips it under his overcoat where it hangs from a jerry-rigged sling.

CUT TO:

31B EXT. STREET -DAY 31B

Reese emerges from a stairwell behind a service station, his overcoat done up to the top button.
He walks through the sparse morning crowd on the cluttered, commercial street.
He is out of sync.
A stranger in a strange land.
He moves among the unconcerned pedestrians, cautious and feral. His eyes flick rapidly about.
He moves forward purposefully.

CUT TO:

32 OMITTED 32

33 EXT. SURBURBAN STREET - DAY 33

ANGLE on a standard-issue L.A. suburban street with kids racing tricycles B.G.

LOW ANGLE with the FRAME comprising a single house, toy-littered lawn and mailbox. EXTREME F.G., by the curb, is a CHILD'S PLASTIC TRUCK.

There is the sound of a CAR ENGINE approaching, and the front of the beige station wagon appears, stopping at the curb. Its front tire crushes the toy.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED 33

PANAGLIDE ON TERMINATOR, preceding him as he steps out of the car, pauses by the mailbox to check the name, and strides toward the house.

A YOUNG BOY, playing in the driveway, watches him pass. The boy's DOG, a small Terrier, growls low and mean, crouching back from Terminator.

He rings the doorbell and waits, motionless.
The door opens a few inches, held by a security chain, revealing a young, slightly overweight housewife.

TERMINATOR
Sarah Connor.

WOMAN
(hesitant)
Yes?

SLOW MOTION:

TIGHT ON SECURITY CHAIN as it breaks, splinters flying.
The woman staggers back, staring in dumb amazement.
Terminator draws the .45 smoothly from inside his jacket...cocks the slide.
He FIRES.

LOW ANGLE ON TERMINATOR, lowering the barrel. He methodically fires four more rounds into the body OUT OF FRAME below.

Turns and walks away past the terrified child in the driveway.

CUT TO:

33A/33B/33C/33D/33E OMITTED 33A/33B/33C/33D/33E

34 CHANGED TO 31A/B 34

35/35A OMITTED 35/35A

36 INT. BIG JEFF'S/SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Sarah opens the swing-door with her back, calling over her shoulder to the day manager.

SARAH
I'm on break, Chuck.
Carla's got my station.

As she approaches the locker room where the girls take their coffee breaks, the door bursts open and Nancy beckons to Sarah.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED 36

NANCY
(excitedly)
Hurry up. It's about you...
I mean sort of...Come on!

37 INT. BIG JEFF'S/BREAK ROOM - DAY 37

Nancy guides Sarah to the small black and white portable TV in the corner. Two other girls, smoking cigarettes with their shoes off and nyloned feet on the table, are already watching. One glances at Sarah.

NANCY
You're gonna love this.

They huddle around the set, intent on a newscast in progress.

TV ANCHORWOMAN

...and a police spokesman at the scene refused to speculate on a motive of the execution-style slaying of the Encino housewife. He did however say that an accurate description of the suspect has been compiled from several witnesses. Once again, Sarah Connor, thirty-five, mother of two, brutally shot to death in her home this afternoon.
(pause)
In other late-breaking news, Teamster representatives have issued a statement as the strike deadline rapidly approaches...

As the news grinds on, Sarah gazes at the screen. Nancy claps her on the shoulder, laughing.

NANCY
You're dead, honey.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. HEALTH CLUB - DUSK 38

Sunlight is dying when Sarah swings her moped to the curb in front of the 'GOOD LIFE SPA', a large, crowded health club.

39 INT. HEALTH CLUB/AEROBICS STUDIO - DUSK 39

MUSIC BOOMS and masses of leotarded cellulite sway in close F.G. as CAMERA DOLLIES along a row of panting, stretching women. In deep B.G. Sarah slips in through the door and waits against the wall while the human dynamo, GINGER VENTURA , leads the class energetically. Ginger, Sarah's roommate, is a party-stopper. Red-haired, athletic, sensuous.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED 39

She's pretty enough when still, but stunning in motion. And she's in motion.

Ginger yells commands and cheerfully dives into contortions to the BEAT of a R&B FAVORITE.
MARCO, a handsome, well-defined guy wearing a tight STAFF T-shirt, strolls up for a drink at the water fountain next to Sarah.

MARCO
Hi. I've seen you around. Aren't you Ginger's roommate?

SARAH
That's right. I'm Sarah.

MARCO
Yea, right. I'm Marco...

The dance tape ends.

GINGER
...and three aaand four! And that's it ladies! Now, didn't that feel great?

The group collapses ensemble. A chorus of groans.

GINGER
Let's think positive or next time I'll play the long version.

Ginger walks over to Sarah as the class disperses. Marco is leaning on the wall next to Sarah, who is enjoying the attention.

SARAH
...yeah, really? Say something in Italian.

Before Marco can reply, Ginger pulls the front of his gym shorts out and peers down. She shakes her head.

GINGER
(to Sarah)
You're wasting your time, kiddo. Let's go.

She grabs Sarah by the arm and pulls her out the door. Sarah catches a glimpse of Marco's expression over her shoulder as the door closes.

40 INT. HEALTH CLUB/STAIRS AND CORRIDOR - DUSK 40

PANAGLIDE WITH THE TWO GIRLS, as they descend to the first floor and enter a hallway.
Sarah is gasping with laughter.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED 40

SARAH
(weakly)
I don't believe you did that.

Ginger is adjusting her ever-present PORTABLE CASSETTE PLAYER at her hip. She slips on the earphones as they walk along.
Sarah feigns outrage.

SARAH
(continuing)
I had him in the palm of my hand.
He was just about to ask me out.
I could tell.

GINGER
That guy's a jerk. I did you a favor.

SARAH
I'll do the same for you sometime.

Sarah laughs and claps her friend on the back. They turn in at a door marked WEIGHT ROOM.

41 INT. WEIGHT ROOM - DUSK 41

SEVERAL ANGLES, on glistening arms, legs, torsos merging into bio-mechanical kinetic sculptures with the chrome-steel levers and tubes. The CRASH and SQUEAL of metal against metal.

In F.G., two Conan-esque arms thrust upward, glistening. Ginger's boyfriend, MATT McCALLISTER, the assistant manager of the club, strains out his last reps, bench-pressing enormous weight on the weight machine.
Despite his imposing appearance, Matt is one of the warmest people you'd ever want to meet.
His face is contorted, muscles knotting for the last push. He heaves it up with a guttural cry.
Lowering the weights with a clang, Matt lies panting, arms dangling at his side, eyes closed.
A pair of female legs appears.

GINGER (V.O.)
What's this?

Matt opens his eyes.

41 CONTINUED 41

GINGER
(continuing)
You think somebody's gonna do this for you? Look at those bi's. Pathetic. And you haven't worked lat's or ab's since Wednesday.

MATT
(smiling)
Had a rough day, sweetheart?

GINGER
(softening)
Come here, wimp.

She leans down as he sits up and they meet in a kiss that's bad for the other guys' discipline.

Sarah waits until they break the clinch to speak.

SARAH
Hi, Matt.

Matt looks backward over the bench, and replies, upside-down.

MATT
(grinning broadly)
Heeey! Sarah. Hi babe.

Ginger pulls the pin on Matt's weights and re-inserts it beneath the entire stack, the maximum weight.

GINGER
Alright, back to work, Bunky.

Ginger readjusts her headphones as the two girls walk away. Two weightlifters nearby look at each other, than at Matt.

WEIGHTLIFTER
Bunky?

42 EXT. HEALTH CLUB/STREETS - DUSK 42

Sarah lurches away from the curb on her moped, almost spilling Ginger who is attempting to ride double. They swing out onto a main thoroughfare and careen through the bumper-to-bumper traffic.
Sarah maneuvers deftly though overloaded and unstable.
Ginger doesn't know whether to laugh or scream at the near-misses.
She does both.

CUT TO:

43 OMITTED 43

44 EXT. STREET/CONSTRUCTION SITE - DUSK

Under an overpass, Reese sits in a car watching the powerful machines moving earth at an excavation site B.G. He's in a late-model non-descript charcoal grey Ford LTD, one of a row of cars gathering dirt beside the construction site. Crab-armed back-hoes and massive caterpillars ROAR through a curtain of dust, under intense floodlights. A power-shovel moves its great arm, lighting its own way with an arc-light.

45 INT. GREY FORD LTD - DUSK 45

Reese sits motionless in the dark. Waiting. The clock in the dash ticks quietly.
He flips on the radio. A fatuous POP ROCK STATION.
Reese fishes a magazine off the dirty floor.
He flips the pages of COSMOPOLITAN.
His head sags against the door.
He gazes dully at the tracks of a passing CATERPILLAR they chew through the dirt.
The ROAR and CLATTER of treads intensifies as his eyes close.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. MELTED RUINS - NIGHT 46

TIGHT ON A GLEAMING STEEL TREAD as it grinds through debris. The debris is ferroconcrete, girders, and jackstraw heaps of HUMAN BONES, burned black.

There is the sound of EXPLOSIONS, distant, and an intermittent electronic WHINE. Incredibly bright searchlights play over the ground. PANNING with the moving treads through twisted wreckage, F.G.
The screen WHITES OUT with a BLAST, very close. As the debris clatters down, a helmetted snaps up into FRAME, EXTREME F.G.

The visor of the HIGH-TECH HELMET has been shattered by the explosion. The wearer rips it off, revealing Reese, minus his burn scar.
Reese looks over his shoulder at his teammate, a GIRL of about sixteen, gaunt, dirty, heavily armed like himself. DOLLYING as they start to belly crawl through the bones and wreckage.
Reese looks up.
Through spires of a collapsed building a terrifying SPHINX-LIKE SHAPE moves against the sky...obscured by dust and blinding sweeps of its searchlights.
Though we see little, this is an H-K, Hunter Killer mobile ground-unit.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED 46

Reese crawls, pacing the H-K, under and through, on elbows and knees, past mounds of charred skulls. They pass the BODY OF A CHILD, a boy of about 10, center-punched with a smoking hole. The boy clutches a rifle. More bodies. Some in rags, some in uniforms like theirs. WOMEN. OLD MEN. CHILDREN. They're all dirty and gaunt, scabrous. And still bleeding. Reese scrabbles past a dark rat-hole and there are human rats in it.
Soldiers in a nightmare war.

Reese and his teammate stop behind a blasted wall, having outflanked the massive H-K. Its flashing blue lights flick across the walls, its searchlights sear through the debris.

WIDER, showing the H-K more clearly...a blast-scarred CHROME LEVIATHON, with huge underslung GUN TURRETS.

Reese leaps up and straight-arms a satchel-charge into its path. One tread rolls over the explosive.
Guns and searchlights swivel. The head turns ponderously.
Reese's partner rises, poised to throw hers.
A POWER-BOLT catches her at the top of her arc, BLOWING HER INTO RED MIST.

Reese is knocked down by the concussion. Gets up, running, as the charges blow.
The H-K's tread carriers are RIPPED APART.
It lurches to a stop, burning.

The following SEQUENCE is extremely FORESHORTENED.
CUT FAST. IMPRESSIONS ONLY.
LOW ANGLE, up past the burning H-K as its flying counterpart, an AERIAL H-K, arcs into view with a TURBOJET WHINE.

Reese hauls two survivors of his unit into a PERSONNEL CARRIER, a CHEVY CAMARO with steel plate welded over it and the roof cut away to access the 50 CALIBER MACHINE GUN.

They're driving through the ruins, up and over and through. Reese drives like a demon.

A BLACK SHAPE descends, a demon with searchlights.
A BOLT OF LIGHT.

Reese's car flips like a kicked beer can, rolling and crumpling. He's pinned in the wreck, bloody, screaming despite his training. The only other survivor, an emaciated BOY of twelve, is pulling for all he's worth to drag Reese out before it burns.

CUT TO:

47 OMITTED 47

48 INT. GREY FORD LTD - NIGHT 48.

Reese's eyes open in a split-second.
He relaxes slowly, the voltage draining out of him.
He reaches for the dangling ignition wires, starting the car.

49/50 OMITTED 49/50

51 EXT. STREET/OVERPASS - NIGHT 51

Lit by streetlights, the car moves away with its lights off and vanishes in the shadows.

CUT TO:

52 OMITTED 52

53 INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Ginger are crammed into the tiny bathroom, becoming inextricably tangled in each other's cords as they blow-dry, curl hair, and apply make-up. Ginger has her headphones inverted under her chin but in place, and is bouncing to music as she dries her hair. She is wearing a short kimono that reveals the greater part of her legs. Sarah is in a camisole.

The phone rings and Sarah goes out into the living room to get it.

SARAH
(answering the phone)
Hello?

VOICE (V.O.)
(on phone, deep and breathy)
First I'm going to rip the buttons off your blouse, one by one...then run my tongue along your neck, down to your bare, gleaming breasts...

Sarah cups her hand over the mouthpiece and calls out matter-of-factly:

SARAH
Ginger! It's Matt.

She resumes listening.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED 53

MATT (V.O.)
...and then slowly pull your jeans off inch by inch and lick your belly in circles, further and further down...then I'll pull off your panties with my teeth...

Sarah is repressing her laughter.

SARAH
(crossly)
Who is this?

Silence. Then Matt realizes to his horror who he's been talking to.

MATT (V.O.)

Oh my God! Sarah! Oh, shit. Jesus, I'm sorry. I thought you were...Can I talk to Ginger?

SARAH
Sure, Bunky.

As Ginger approaches, Sarah hands her the receiver and goes into the bedroom.

GINGER
Hello?

MATT (V.O.)
First I'm gonna rip the buttons off your blouse...

54 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 54

Sarah picks up four blouses on hangers lying on the bed and goes back into the hallway.

55 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 55

Ginger is still listening to Matt, nodding, as Sarah enters and starts holding the blouses against herself one by one for Ginger's inspection.

SARAH
What do you think?

GINGER
(covering the mouthpiece)
Great.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED 55

Sarah holds up another one.

SARAH
How about this?

GINGER
Great.

SARAH
You're a big help.

GINGER
(advisory tone)
Alright, the peach one.

SARAH
I hate the peach one.

GINGER
(same advisory tone)
Don't wear the peach one.

Sarah gathers up the blouses and walks out.

SARAH (V.O.)
This guy's probably a schmuck
and I don't care what I wear.

A couple of BEATS, and she's back in the doorway with a concerned expression.

SARAH
(continuing)
You think the peach?

CUT TO:

56 EXT. MULHOLLAND HOUSE - NIGHT 56

An unmarked car with a clamp-on light flashing passes through the gates and down the winding driveway of a chic house off Mulholland Drive.
The car stops among several black and whites and an ambulance.
Cops with flashlights are combing the grounds B.G. as LIEUTENANT ED TRAXLER, Homicide Division, gets out of the car.
He strides toward the house.
He's black, early forties, solid.
He chews gum like a maniac: a chain chewer.
And he's not a smart cop...he's a wise one, rarer still.

57 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 57

Traxler passes TWO UNIFORMED COPS at the doors as he enters the exquisitely decorated home.
He enters a quiet flurry of activity.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED 57

Several DETECTIVES and a PHOTOGRAPHER prowl the room, taking evidence, taking pictures.

In the center of the living room floor is the body of a young woman, crumpled face down in a small pool of blood.

Traxler glances up as he is joined by DETECTIVE SGT. VUKOVICH. Vukovich is lean and very jaded.

TRAXLER
Give me the short version.

VUKOVICH
Six shots at less than ten feet. Weapon was a large caliber--

Traxler is looking at the body.

TRAXLER
No shit.

Vukovich turns to a passing DETECTIVE.

VUKOVICH
Come on, man. Don't track it all over. It's un-professional.

He turns back to Traxler, gesturing at the body.

VUKOVICH
(continuing)
Okay, let's see...Got a positive on her. Name's Sarah Connor, divorced, lives here by her...

TRAXLER
(interrupting)
That can't be right. That's the name of the one from Valley Division this afternoon.

Vukovich slips something off his clipboard and hands it to the Lieutenant.

VUKOVICH
Here's her driver's license.

TRAXLER
(pondering)
You gotta be kidding me. The news guys'll be short-stroking it over this one. A one-day pattern killer.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED 57

VUKOVICH
I hate the weird ones.

CUT TO:

58 INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT 58

Sarah poses with Ginger in front of the mirror. They are dressed, made-up, hair-styled and READY.

GINGER
(studying their reflection)
Better than mortal man deserves.

Sarah grins and goes into the other room.

59 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 59

Sarah walks around the room, searching for something.

SARAH
(calling)
Ginger, have you seen Pugsley?

Ginger enters, stopping beside their phone answering machine.

GINGER
Not lately. Did you check messages?

SARAH
(still looking)
I thought you did.

She checks under the couch, then behind the drapes. She bends down.

SARAH
(from behind curtains)
Come here young man. Mind your mother.

C.U. - PUGSLEY, as the GREEN IGUANA cocks its head, blinking vapidly.

RESUME WIDE, Sarah lifts the three foot long lizard from his perch on the windowsill.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED 59

Sarah drapes the lizard across her shoulders where it sits contentedly as she looks for her purse. Ginger has been rewinding the message tape. She punches PLAY and a MALE VOICE is heard.

VOICE
(recorded)
Hi, Sarah...Stan Morsky. Uh, something's come up and it looks like I won't be able to make it tonight. I'm really sorry. Call you in a day or so. Sorry. 'Bye.

Sarah stands still, crestfallen.

GINGER
That bum. So what if he has a Porsche, he can't treat you like that...it's Friday night for crissakes.

SARAH
(slumping)
I'll live.

GINGER
I'll break his kneecaps.

Sarah resignedly slips Pugsley off her shoulders.

SARAH
You still love me, don't you, Pugsley?

She gives the complacent reptile a kiss on its blunt snout.

GINGER
Gawd. Nauseating. Really disgusting.

59A INT. LIVING ROOM 59A

Pugsley is munching from a bowl of lettuce in a terrarium with a 'BEWARE OF DOG' sign taped on the side.

Sarah, now in blue-jeans, heads for the front door donning a down-jacket.

She calls to Ginger B.G.

SARAH
I'm going to a movie, kiddo. See ya'. You and Matt have a good time.

CONTINUED

59A CONTINUED 59A

GINGER
We will, kiddo.

Sarah yanks open the outside door and GASPS. Startled by a tall, powerful figure.

SARAH
Dammit, Matt!

She punches him on the arm as she goes out.

CUT TO:

60 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 60

Sarah is a small figure in the shadowed echoing garage of her building.
She unchains her moped. Senses something.

SARAH'S POV - there is no movement for the length of the garage.

ON SARAH - C.U., inexplicably nervous.
She stows the chain and starts the bike. It whines reassuringly.
Sarah jumps on and whirs out of the garage.

A beat.

Then from the inky shadows of a stall nearby, the grey Ford LTD rolls forward.
Turns. Follows her.

CUT TO:

61 OMITTED 61

62 INT. DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 62

DOLLYING WITH TRAXLER AND VUKOVICH, as they pass through a group of REPORTERS. Mostly newspaper stringers but there is also one bored local TV MINICAM CREW.

REPORTER
...Lieutenant, are you aware that these two killings occurred in the same order as their listings in the phone book?

TRAXLER
No comment.

He and Vukovich enter their office and shut the door.

63 INT. TRAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Traxler drops his gum in the wastebasket, picks up a cup of coffee from his desk and uses it to wash down a handful of aspirins. Vukovich grimaces.

VUKOVICH
That stuff's two hours cold.

TRAXLER
(nodding absently)
I know.

VUKOVICH
(eyeing him)
I put a cigarette out in it.

Traxler, lost in thought, turns on him suddenly.

TRAXLER
Did you reach the next girl yet?

VUKOVICH
No. Keep getting an answering machine.

TRAXLER
Send a unit.

VUKOVICH
I sent a unit. No answer at the door and the apartment manager's out.

TRAXLER

Call her.

VUKOVICH

I just called.

TRAXLER
Call her again.

Vukovich picks up the phone and begins to dial her number as Traxler sets down his coffee cup, unwraps a stick of gum and pops it in his mouth.

TRAXLER
(continuing)
Got a cigarette?

64 INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 64

CLOSE ON PHONE, connected to the answering machine. The outgoing message triggers after the second ring.

GINGER'S VOICE
(machine V.O.)
Hi there.
(long pause)
Ha ha ha, fooled you. You're talking to a machine, but don't be shy, it's okay. Machines need love too, so talk to it and Ginger, that's me, or Sarah will get back to you. Wait fot the beep.

As the message plays, CAMERA DOLLIES OFF the phone machine and down the corridor of the dark apartment. As the bedroom door draws near, Ginger's recorded voice fades and is superceded by CRIES and MOANS.

65 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 65

FULL SHOT, framed against the streetlit curtains, Ginger and Matt form a beautiful tableau of lovemaking in silhouette. Their perfect bodies glisten with backlight as they strain in passion.

CLOSER - TIGHT TWO, revealing that Ginger is wearing her earphones. Matt reaches out to the night table and thumbs the volume higher.

Ginger moans louder, apparently enjoying his sure touch on her volume control.

CUT TO:

66 INT. TRAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 66

Vukovich hangs up the phone.

VUKOVICH
Same shit.

TRAXLER
I can hear it now, it's gonna be the goddamned 'Phone Book Killer'.

VUKOVICH
I hate the press cases. Expecially the weird press cases. Where you going?

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED 66

TRAXLER
(heading for the door)
To make a statement. Maybe the jackals can help us out for once.

He looks at his watch, then straightens his tie.

TRAXLER
(continuing)
If they can get this on the tube by eleven, she may just call us.
(pause)
How do I look?

VUKOVICH
Like shit, boss.

Traxler goes out and the Minicam light hits him as the door closes.

CUT TO:

67 INT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT 67

TIGHT ON A TV SCREEN, a news cast in progress.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)
This just in....police have announced the name of the victim in the second of two execution style murders which took place today.

CUT WIDE to show Sarah watching the TV which is suspended over the bar. The place is a crowded, post-movie hangout, raucous with laughter and videogames. The newscast continues, ignored by all except Sarah.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)
(continuing)
...Incredibly, the names of the two victims are virtually identical. Two hours ago, 35 year-old Sarah Ann Connor was pronounced dead at the scene in her secluded home on Mulholland Drive. An Encino housewife, Sarah Louise Connor, was slain by a lone gunman earlier today in her home...

A customer gestures for the bartender's attention.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED 67

CUSTOMER
Hey, can we change this and catch the ball scores?

BARTENDER
Sure.

Sarah leaps half over the bar, startling everyone.

SARAH
Leave it where it is!

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)
...Police are refusing to speculate on the apparent similarity between these shooting deaths and no other connection between the two victims has been established as of yet. We'll have more on this latebreaking story as it comes in.
On a lighter note, there was cause for celebration at the L.A. Zoo today, as their first test tube stork...

Sarah leaves her half-finished pizza and beer, getting up in a daze. Followed by puzzled glances, she makes her way through the crowd.

68 INT. PIZZA PARLOR HALLWAY -NIGHT 68

In the crowded hallway by the restrooms, Sarah goes to the single payphone and seizes the directory. She flips rapidly through it, then stops, looking down.
She sees that her name is next on the list.
The book slips out of her fingers.

Sarah backs into the women's restroom.

69 INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT 69

Sarah stumbles numbly to the sink.
She splashes her face with cold water. In the mirror her terrified reflection looks back. Why me?
She hears a loud clatter and spins around.
It's just a drunken woman fumbling with a toilet stall door.
Sarah edges back out into the corridor.

70 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 70

Sarah walks stiffly back to the pay phone.
Notices it is OUT OF ORDER.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. STREET/SIDEWALK - NIGHT 71

Sarah exits the pizza place into the sparse crowd on the sidewalk. As she passes a figure leaning against the wall just outside, the man turns his head to watch her.
It is Reese, his gaze impassive.
He is motionless, sinister in his long coat.
Sarah shudders. She walks on quickly.

C.U. - SARAH as she looks over her shoulder.

ON PIZZA PARLOR DOORWAY. Reese is gone.
She catches sight of him behind her in the crowd.
On the opposite side of the street an LAPD cruiser glides slowly by. Sarah is about to call out but a bus blocks her view and when it has passed, the car is turning away down a side street.

She passes a large window with STOKER'S written on it, and ducks quickly through the door.

72 INT. STOKER'S - NIGHT 72

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW, SARAH F.G., as Reese approaches.
Her knuckles clench white as he reaches the entrance and walks by, unhurriedly, without a glance inside.
She turns and scans the gloomy interior.

It is a new-wave dance club...canned music cranked up, stroboscopic lighting and jostling bodies dressed from trendy to bizarre.
The motif seems to be deco heavy-industry.
Sarah approaches the glazed-eyed girl stamping hands at the door.

SARAH
Is there a phone here?

The girl nods laconically.

GIRL
In the back. Four-fifty.

Sarah pays and moves past before the girl can stamp her hand.

Sarah pushes through the unruly throng and makes her way to a payphone near the bar in back.
Her hands are trembling as she drops a dime in the pay phone and dials.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED 72

VOICE (V.O./RECORDED)
You have reached the Los Angeles Police Department Emergency Number. All lines are busy. If you need a police car sent out to you, please stay on the line...

Sarah holds the receiver pressed to her ear, glancing around, fear feeding on frustration.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. SARAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 73

An LAPD black-and-white sits at the curb in front of Sarah's building with two cops inside, drinking coffee. Through the open window we hear the dispatcher's voice on the radio.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
...two eleven in progress at liquor store located at corner of Third and Tamaric. One suspect believed to be armed...

The car pulls out with lights and siren on.
A moment later, Terminator rounds the corner of the building and climbs the stairs to the entryway.
He surveys the bank of call buttons, then turns to consider the barred security gate.

74 INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 74

PANAGLIDE WITH GINGER as she ties her kimono and, leaving Matt in a dead sleep, pads through the dark apartment.
Down the hall, past the phone with Vukovich's message.
Through the dark living room.
She has her portable cassette in the pocket of her robe and bops to herself in the silent gloom as she enters the kitchen.

When she opens the refrigerator to remove snack fixings, the light briefly illuminates the kitchen and in that moment, SOMETHING MOVES in the F.G.

TIGHT ON GINGER, MOVING WITH HER as she backs toward the counter with her arms full of snack stuff.

A SUDDEN CRASH. A flurry of motion behind her.
She spins, dropping half her load.
Ginger fumbles for the lightswitch.

Revealing Pugsley, sitting there blinking innocently among overturned spice bottles on the counter-top.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED 74

GINGER
Shoo. Go on. I'll make a belt out of you.

Pugsley disappears into a large fern by the window and Ginger sets about her task, slathering crunchy peanut butter on stalks of celery.

75 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 75

MEDIUM ON MATT, as rustling curtains play patterns of street-lights over his sleeping face.
In the B.G. is the balcony, empty. The sliding door is open.

TIGHT ON MATT, as his eyes open at the sound of a quiet repeated CLICKING.

UP ANGLE - PAST MATT, as the five-inch blade of an industrial razor-knife reaches full extension in Terminator's hand, right above him.
It slashes viciously downward.
Matt rolls and the pillow is SLIT OPEN where his throat had been.

MATT
Whoah!

Terminator catches him by the hair and slashes down again.
Matt grabs his wrist in both hands.
The enormous muscles of his arms, which seem capable of bench-pressing a Chrysler, strain and knot against the pressure of the killer's single arm...
And still the blade moves closer to his throat.

With a final heave Matt deflects the down-pressure sideways and the blade snaps with a CLINK against the headboard.

HANDHELD WITH MATT as he rolls off the bed, spins and slams his fists together into Terminator's temple. He picks up a brass deco lamp and brings it down with piledriver force.

Unperturbed, Terminator knocks the lamp away and hurls Matt over the bed.

76 EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT 76

Matt crashes through the glass doors and slams against the balcony railing.

77 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 77

Oblivious to the noise, Ginger croons in rock-and-roll ecstasy, singing to a celery stalk as if it were a micro-phone.

78 EXT./INT. BALCONY AND BEDROOM - NIGHT 78

Matt heaves himself up, his powerful body gleaming with sweat, and hurls himself upon the intruder.
The titans CRASH INTO A DRESSER, reducing it to kindling.
Then into the closet door, EXPLODING THE FULL-LENGTH MIRROR.

Terminator places one hand on either side of Matt's barrel chest. SINKS HIS FINGERS INTO THE FLESH. An inhuman grip.
Matt is raised off the floor, contorted in agony, above the other's head.

79 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 79

DOLLY PRECEDING GINGER as she returns from the kitchen with a plate full of celery stalks and a glass of milk. CAMERA passes the closed bedroom door and STOPS, as Ginger pauses to set the plate on top of the glass, freeing one hand to open the door.

AN EXPLOSION OF SPLINTERS in close F.G. as a shape smashes through the door right in front of her...Matt's body propelled halfway through the door by enormous force.
Ginger shrieks and leaps back, flinging milk and all into the air.

The door begins to open but the pressure of Matt's body creates resistance.
Ginger SCREAMS and backs away.

The door is wrenched open and Terminator steps through with the massive .45 drawn.

HANDHELD WITH GINGER, the walls blur by as she runs.

TIGHT ON TERMINATOR as the pistol RISES INTO FRAME, aligning with his eyes. BOOM!

LOW FAST DOLLY WITH GINGER as the bullet punches into her shoulder, pitching her on her face outside the bathroom door.

LOW WIDE ANGLE as she crawls forward, gasping, drowning.
The implacable figure looms behind her.
Her expression is agony and reeling, nauseating terror.
And incomprehension: Why am I suddenly dying?
Her eyes roll, showing the whites, like a horse tethered in a burning stable.

80 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 80

Ginger scrabbles pathetically for a grip in the tile floor as she pulls herself into the bathroom.
She clutches the rim of the toilet.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED 80

LOW ANGLE PAST HER, ON TERMINATOR, as he stands behind her.
PAN UP, off her. He takes aim.
And empties the clip.
He calmly reloads.

81 INT. HALLWAY/BEDROOM - NIGHT 81

CLOSE ON PHONE MACHINE, as the telephone rings loudly in the ensuing silence.
Terminator spins, drawing an instantaneous bead on the source of the sound, but doesn't fire.

GINGER'S VOICE
(recorded)
Hi there.
(pause)
Ha ha ha, fooled you. You're talking to a machine...

C.U. - TERMINATOR, motionless, listening.

GINGER'S VOICE
(recorded, continuing)
...but don't be shy, it's okay.
Machines need love too...

Terminator turns abruptly back to Ginger's body. He turns it over, assuring himself that she is dead.

GINGER'S VOICE
(continuing, recorded)
...so talk to it and Ginger, that's me, or Sarah will get back to you.
Wait for the beep.

There is a loud tone and the incoming call is heard.

SARAH'S VOICE
(on machine)
Ginger, this is Sarah...

Terminator's head snaps around and he freezes, listening.
He rises slowly as Sarah's voice continues.

TIGHT ON HIS UNBLINKING EYES.

SARAH'S VOICE
(on machine, continuing)
...I'm in this place called Stoker's on Pico but I'm too scared to leave.
I'm really scared, kiddo...

82 INT. STOKER'S - NIGHT 82

Sarah cups the telephone's mouthpiece with her hand and glances around frequently.

SARAH
(continuing, into phone)
...I think somebody's after me and I sure hope you play this soon 'cause I need you and Matt to come pick me up. The police keep transferring me around, but I'm going to try them again.

83 INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT 83

SARAH
(continuing, B.G.)
The number here is 555-9175. Call me kiddo. I need you. It's Stoker's on Pico. Bye.

Terminator is rapidly and methodically rifling the contents of Sarah's small desk. SIREN'S WAIL, approaching. He picks up a small card.

E.C.U. - CARD. It is Sarah's college I.D. card, complete with a color photo of her.

MACRO ON PICTURE.
E.C.U. - TERMINATOR'S EYES as he tosses the card down, after a fraction of a second's scan. Picks up something else.

TIGHT ON SARAH'S ADDRESS BOOK, Terminator pockets this and slips out the balcony door. Climbing over the railing, he is gone.

84 INT. STOKER'S - NIGHT 84

Sarah is huddled, back to the wall, half-shouting above the music.

SARAH
(on phone, upset)
...look, Lieutenant...uh, Traxler, don't put me on hold and don't transfer me to another department...

85 INT. TRAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 85

TRAXLER
(on phone)
I won't. Now just relax. Where are you?
(pause)
Yeah, I know it...on Pico. Are you alright?

86 INT. STOKER'S - NIGHT 86

SARAH
(on phone)
Yes, but I don't want to leave. I think this guy's following me.

87 INT. TRAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 87

TRAXLER
(on phone)
Alright, Ms. Connor. Listen carefully. You're in a public place, you'll be safe 'til we get there. Stay visible. Don't go outside or in the restroom. I'll be there in a few minutes.

He hangs up and grabs his coat, motioning to Vukovich.

TRAXLER
Let's roll.

88 INT. STOKER'S - NIGHT 88

Sarah takes a seat at a booth near the bar. She looks at her watch and glances around.

89 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 89

The beige station wagon hurtles along an empty street.

CLOSER ANGLE as streetlight glare slashes across Terminator's face in flaring pulses.

90 EXT. STREET/INT. PLAIN CAR - NIGHT 90

Traxler draws his .38 special and checks the load. Vukovich is driving.

TRAXLER
Let's see how this guy likes playing hard-ball.

91 INT. STOKER'S - NIGHT 91

Sarah turns, catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror behind the bar.

ON SARAH, reflected in the mirror. In the F.G. a man at the bar looks up from his beer, straight into her eyes.
It is Reese.
He gazes at her coolly for a moment, then glances away.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED 91

C.U. - SARAH, feeling trapped, frantic.

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR as Terminator walks in.
He pushes past the cashier.
A LARGE BOUNCER puts the arm on him.
Terminator removes his hand easily, crushing it.

The bouncer staggers back in pain as Terminator moves into the crowd.
He crosses the dancefloor, scanning.
Pushing people aside like a bulldozer, leaving a wake of outrage.

C.U.-REESE as he mechanically raises his beer. His knuckles are white. He slowly undoes the top button of his overcoat. There is a glint of metal in the shadows within.

Terminator spots Sarah through the jostling crowd. Moves toward her.

Reese turns on his barstool.

E.C.U. - REESE'S HAND sliding slowly along polished steel, a caress. His finger slips through the triggerguard of the riot gun.

A figure stops beside Sarah's booth. She looks up.
Terminator stands motionless for a beat.

The .45 is out and cocked and AIMED DIRECTLY AT CAMERA, almost in one motion.
The bore seems enormous.

BACK ON SARAH, over the gun barrel, her eyes go wide. We hold a BEAT, like a frozen slice of nightmare.

MEDIUM ON REESE as he whips the riot-gun to a hip-firing position, his overcoat falling back with a snap. HE FIRES.

ON TERMINATOR, as the shotgun blast huts his arm and he FIRES, simultaneously. Sarah screams as the .45 round blows stuffing out of the booth seat inches from her face.

Reese is stroking up another shell as Terminator half-rises from the booth.

OVER REESE'S SHOULDER, as he fires, cocks the slide, fires again, advancing on Sarah's booth.
Terminator is blown backward over a divider, crashing through the glasses and pitchers of beer on the table opposite, and onto the floor.

Sarah is screaming, scrunched down in the booth.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED 91

Terminator is lying on his back at the feet of a table-full of drunk patrons.
He has two rifled 12 gauge slugs in his chest and one in the arm.

The customers are frozen in the weird tableau, cowering, gaping.
Sarah stops screaming.
Reese stands motionless, gun aimed.
In the sudden silence, the sound of him cocking the shotgun is abnormally loud.

ON TERMINATOR, very still.
Then he smoothly rolls to a crouch and slips the UZI machine-pistol from beneath his overcoat, where it has been hanging on a shoulder strap.
It doesn't seem too impaired as he swings around to fire.

Reese rolls like a cat and comes up firing.
A burst from the UZI rakes the bar where he stood.
An orgy of shattering glass.
Total pandemonium.

SEVERAL ANGLES as patrons of the bar run, scream or dive for cover, depending upon their level of intelligence.

Reese fires, ducks, fires again.
Tables crash over.
A window is blown out.
A table candle rolls into a pool of high-proof alcohol behind the bar.
It ignites with a WHOOSH.

Sarah spins out of her seat and runs for the front door.
A running patron pitches forward into Sarah as he catches a burst of 9mm fire meant for her.
She trips and falls.
Terminator advances.
She scrambles to rise, buffetted in the stampeding crowd.
Reese is reloading.

TIGHT ON TERMINATOR, moving forward, an island of slow, precise movement amid the confusion. He drops a spent clip. Reaches for another with his bloody hand. Slams it in.

The crowd parts...he sees Sarah. A clear shot.

Suddenly, Reese appears behind him, vaulting a row of booths. At point blank range he unloads the shotgun into Terminator.

92 INT./EXT. STOKER'S- STREET - NIGHT 92

Terminator crashes backward through two tables and a plate glass window into the street.

93 INT. STOKER'S - NIGHT 93

The roaring fire behind the bar is spreading very quickly. The air is thick with smoke.
Reese tosses the UZI, for which he has no ammo, into the fire. He hauls the dead man off Sarah and reaches for her.

TIGHT ON SARAH, shrinking away from Reese, hysterical.

REESE
Come with me if you want to live.

She looks where he is pointing.

94 INT./EXT. STOKER'S /STREET - NIGHT 94

Terminator is rising unsteadily to his feet. Shattered glass rains from him, except where it sticks to his blood-drenched shirt and coat.

C.U. - TERMINATOR, as he slowly looks up, his eyes riviting STRAIGHT INTO THE CAMERA.

C.U. - SARAH, feeling a lightning bolt of terror greater than she could ever imagine as the cold gaze fixes on her.

SARAH
(awed whisper)
Oh my God...

PANAGLIDE PRECEDING TERMINATOR as he clambers back through the window and starts through the burning building.

Reese runs, dragging Sarah with him, toward the back.

Terminator crashes through the wreckage in the swirling smoke, hurling burning tables out of his way.

95/96/97 OMITTED 95/96/97

98 INT. KITCHEN/HALLWAY/EXIT CORRIDOR - NIGHT 98

PANAGLIDE FOLLOWING REESE AND SARAH, running headlong through the cluttered kitchen, then down a narrow back hallway. Sarah stumbles and Reese brutally pulls her to her feet without slowing.

He hits a closed door, which crashes open.
Hauls Sarah through, into another corridor.
Slams and bolt-latches it.
An instant later an impact from the far side tears the latch-screws half out of the wall.
They run on.

99 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 99

Terminator takes a step back from the closed door and slams into it again. It starts to give way.

100 INT./EXT. EXIT CORRIDOR/ALLEY - NIGHT 100

Reese and Sarah pelt down the narrow corridor, fling open the outside door and spin out into the alley.

TIGHT ON DOOR at far end. It splinters open and Terminator sprints down the corridor to the alley.

101/102 OMITTED 101/102

103 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF STOKER'S - NIGHT 103

Traxler's plain car arrives, slewing to a stop in the glass-littered street in front of the blazing building. He leaps out, Vukovich right behind him.

VUKOVICH
(shouting)
What the fuck is going on?

TWO LAPD UNITS arrive behind them. Traxler motions to the nearest one.

TRAXLER
Cover the alley in back.

He heads for the inferno at a run.

104 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND STOKER'S - NIGHT 104

DOLLYING WITH REESE AND SARAH as they run through the dark alley. Sarah stumbles over trashcans. Reese pulls her along mercilessly.

WHIP-PANNING as they clear a corner.

105 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 105

Behind them Terminator is moving with inhuman speed, bounding like a panther, leaping trash cans and other obstacles.

106FX EXT. ALLEY-TERMINATOR'S POV (HANDHELD)-NIGHT 106FX

We know this is Terminator's POV because Sarah and Reese are just ahead of us. But the image is bizarre, alien. Bright and hyper-real, suggesting infra-red. The margins of the FRAME are crammed with columns of CRT-type characters: columns of numbers and acronyms. The data changes rapidly. There is no doubt that we are seeing as a machine would see.

107 EXT. ADJOINING ALLEY - NIGHT 107

Reese and Sarah turn a corner by caroming off the wall without slowing and pelt down a narrower alley. This one is lined with a row of parked cars and connects to the street. There is little room to run.
Reese is reloading on the run, dropping shells.

Behind them Terminator enters the alley, gaining.

LOW ANGLE, FAST PANAGLIDE ahead of the fleeing pair.
As they reach the last car Reese shoves Sarah hard, pitching her on her face to the pavement.
He flings open the car door...a shield.
Drops to the ground.
Fires into the gas tank of a car further back in the row just before Terminator reaches it.

The car EXPLODES, filling the alley with fire. An inferno funneled between the enclosing walls.

ANGLE ON REESE AND SARAH behind the car door as flames roar over the hood.

ON TERMINATOR, as he slides to a stop, cut off by the wall of flame.

Reese doesn't waste any time stuffing Sarah into the car.
Climbing in after her he twists two wires together and we recognize it as his stolen GREY FORD LTD.
The engine catches.

A SILHOUETTE rockets out of the flames.
Terminator, leaping from the roof of the blazing car ahead, impacts on the hood of Reese's car. His hair and coat are burning.

108 INT./EXT. GREY FORD LTD/ALLEY - NIGHT 108

Reese jams reverse and nails the throttle.
The car backs down the alley.
Terminator draws back his fist.
Punches into the windshield.
Inside, Sarah is sprayed with glass as the killer's fist shoots through.
The lacerated fingers grope for her.

WIDE as the car shoots backward out of the alley onto the street, narrowly missing a passing car.

Sarah plasters herself tightly into the seat as the fingers grasp her blouse and pull.
Reese cranks the wheel hard.

109 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 109

The sedan skids, slewing sideways into a parked car.

Terminator is thrown off onto the pavement.
Reese's car hurtles forward.

Terminator rolls to a kneeling position, then slowly stands. He pats out his smoldering clothing as he watches his quarry escape.

110 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 110

PANNING WITH SEDAN as it roars past Traxler, the gathering minions of the law, the burning building, an arriving fire truck...shoots through a red light and continues to accelerate.

ON TRAXLER as he runs to his car, exhorting the nearby LAPD guys to follow suit, while Vukovich grabs the radio.

TRAXLER
(shouting)
Go. Go! He's got her.

VUKOVICH
(overlapping)
...Suspect westbound on Olympic. Grey Ford LTD. Has hostage, repeat...

111 EXT. STREET/NEARBY - NIGHT 111

LOW WIDE ANGLE on the empty street, which is narrow and tightly lined with parked cars.
The ROAR of an engine builds.
The LTD, like a night-demon, hurtles out of the shadows with its lights off, doing ninety plus.

112 INT. GREY FORD LTD - NIGHT 112

Sarah is in shock.
Paralyzed. Face bloodless.

REESE
(calmly)
Hold on.

113 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 113

WIDE ANGLE, CLOSE TO SEDAN, and following it as it hurtles around a corner in an expertly controlled slide.
Then a high speed sprint down the cross-street.
Reese squirrels the vehicle between a slow-moving car ahead and oncoming traffic.
A dive into another dark side street.

114 INT. GREY FORD LTD - NIGHT 114

Reese drives with total, nerveless absorption.
With occasional glances at Sarah, he speaks to her in a clipped, military voice.

REESE
Are you injured? Are you shot?

No response.
He reaches over and runs his hand over her arms, legs, chest. Sarah flinches.
She feels the BLIND PANIC BOILING UP WITHIN HER.
She pushes his hand away and opens the door.
Reese slams her back in her seat and slaps her. Hard.

REESE
(continuing)
Do exactly what I say. Exactly. Don't move unless I say. Don't make a sound unless I say. Do you understand?

As he speaks he is locking the door and fastening Sarah's seatbelt over her, cinching it very tightly, like you would for a child. She doesn't answer.

REESE
(continuing/ shouting)
Do you understand?

SARAH
(a whisper)
Yes. Don't hurt me.

REESE
I'm here to help you. Reese, Sergeant/Tech-Com, DN38416...

Sarah stares numbly at his outstretched hand. With zero strength she automatically returns his handshake.

REESE
(continuing)
Assigned to protect you. You've been targetted for termination.

115 EXT. SIDE STREET/ALLEY - NIGHT 115

The walls of a narrow alley, inky black, frame a police cruiser parked on the street beyond. Firelight from the back of Stoker's lights the street garishly.
A young cop stands beside the car talking via radio with the mike cord pulled through the side window. He speaks with a distinctive twang--a displaced southerner.

COP
...I don't know, it looks like it might spread to this furniture warehouse across the alley, the paint on the wall's starting to blister up. Better get another truck round to this side.

* One-L-nineteen, out. *

Terminator's silhouette emerges from the blackness and strides purposefully toward the cop, CAMERA following.

The officer whirls and reaches for his gun but Terminator flings him brutally into the side of the car, steps over him and opens the door.
* He slides behind the wheel, slips the squad car into gear, * and pulls out, accelerating hard.

116 INT. GREY FORD LTD - NIGHT 116

Sarah is slumped way down in the seat, turned away from the window, trying not to see the landscape reeling outside.

SARAH
(hoarse whisper)
This is a mistake. I haven't done anything.

REESE
No. But you will. It's very important that you live.

Sarah closes her eyes, as if to shut it all out.

SARAH
I can't believe this is happening. How could that man get up after you...

Reese's tone is equal parts hatred and respect as he replies.

REESE
Not a man. A Terminator. Cyberdyne Systems Model 101.

117 INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT 117

Terminator drives expressionlessly, monitoring the babble from Central Dispatch. He hears his number.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
(filtered)
...Suspect vehicle sighted on Motor at Pico, southbound. Units One-A-twenty one and One-A-seven, attempt to intercept. One-L-nineteen, come in.

Terminator picks up the mike. He speaks in a chilling simulation of the young cop's southern twang.

TERMINATOR
This is One-L-nineteen. Westbound on Olympic, approaching Overland.

118/119 OMITTED 118/119

120 INT. GREY FORD LTD - NIGHT 120

SARAH
A machine? You mean, like what...a robot?

REESE
Not a robot. Cyborg. Cybernetic Organism.

They have to yell over the roar of air through the broken windshield.

SARAH
But...he was bleeding.

At that moment a blinding light sears onto them. Reese looks over his left shoulder and sees a CHP cruiser coming alongside, spotlight aimed.

REESE
Just a second. Keep your head down.

121 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 121

A second police cruiser falls behind Reese.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

He cranks the wheel.
Slams the first black-and-white.
It skids, swapping ends, goes through a newsstand and hits a parked taxi. Out of action.

Reese slides into an alley, the other cruiser right on him.

121A EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 121

The two cars run the alley like a slalom, scraping the walls and dodging dumpsters.

Reese clears a large construction dumpster, locks up the brakes.
The cop overtakes...
And Reese rides him right onto the lifting forks of a trash truck.
The HISPANIC TRUCK OPERATOR stops the rising forks.
The impaled car is a foot in the air, wheels spinning, as Reese's sedan vanishes.

122/123/124/125 OMITTED 122/123/124/125

126 INT. GREY LTD - NIGHT 126

Reese is ultra-alert, cruising cautiously.

REESE
Alright. Listen. The Terminator's an infiltration unit. Part man, part machine. Underneath, it's a combat chassis, hyperalloy, fully armored. Very tough...

127 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 127

Reese's LTD glides out onto a main drag, very subdued.
He turns the lights on and blends with traffic.
An LAPD cruiser crosses laterally in the distance, lights flashing.

128 INT. GREY LTD - NIGHT 128

REESE
(continuing)
But outside, it's living, human tissue. Flesh, skin, hair... blood. Grown for the cyborgs.

CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

SARAH
Look, Reese, I know you want to help, but...

REESE
(cutting her off)
Pay attention. The 600 series had rubber skin. We spotted them easy. But these are new. They look human. Sweat, bad breath, everything. Very hard to spot. I had to wait till he moved on you before I could zero him.

SARAH
Hey, I'm not stupid, y'know. They can't build anything like that yet.

REESE
No. Not yet. Not for about forty years.

Reese is driving sedately for a low profile, but his eyes rove constantly, searching for a place to ditch the car. Sarah's eyes are alert as well, and her tone becomes a bit too cool.

SARAH
So, you're saying it's from the future, is that right?

REESE
One possible future. From your point of view. I don't know the tech stuff.

SARAH
And you're from the future too?

REESE
Right.

They come to a red light and Reese stops.

SARAH
(patronizingly)
Right...

Like a shot she unlatches the seatbelt, pulls the door lock and has the door half open before Reese can react. He catches her arm and hauls her struggling back into the car.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

Sarah sinks her teeth into his hand with all her strength. His grip doesn't slacken.
Slowly, without releasing her, he reaches across with his other hand and shuts the door. His face shows no reaction.

Sarah draws back and stares at the blood running down his arm from the bite, then at his grim, scarred face. The light turns green and Reese drives on.
Sarah tastes blood and wipes her mouth.

REESE
(coldly)
Cyborgs don't feel pain. I do.
Don't... do that... again.

He wipes his hand on his pants.

SARAH
(weakly, pleading)
Just let me go.

REESE
(slow, but intense)
Listen. Understand. That Terminator is out there. It can't be reasoned with, it can't be bargained with... it doesn't feel pity or remorse or fear... and it absolutely <u>will not stop</u>. <u>Ever</u>.
Until you are dead.

Sarah slumps in utter resignation.

SARAH
(quietly)
Can you stop it?

Reese doesn't look at her.

REESE
Maybe. With these weapons... I don't know.

129 OMITTED 129

130 EXT./INT. TERMINATOR'S CRUISER 130

ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD, ON TERMINATOR, as he searches. Streetlights flare across rhythmically.

131 OMITTED 131

131A EXT. STREET - NIGHT 131

An LAPD cruiser moves slowly along the dark street, searchlight sweeping over the parked cars.

It passes a grey LTD with a shattered windshield. Flicks back.
The car is empty.

132 EXT. USED CAR LOT/NEARBY - NIGHT 132

LOW ANGLE DOLLY, MOVING WITH REESE AND SARAH as they crawl behind a row of parked cars.

He has a firm hold of her arm but she seems to be cooperating. They approach the door of a late-model blue ELDORADO which has been left with its window partway down.
He unlocks it and they slip inside.

133 EXT./INT. TERMINATOR'S CRUISER 133

TIGHT ON TERMINATOR, through the windshield of the black-and white.

DISPATCHER (V.O./filtered)
Suspect vehicle located at Cedar and Glenhaven...

FULL SHOT as Terminator's cruiser slews in a radical turn and roars off in the opposite direction.

134 INT./EXT. ELDORADO/USED CAR LOT - NIGHT 134

Reese uses the butt of the shotgun to smash loose the ignition assembly. He begins working on the wires. A police cruiser appears, moving slowly between the rows of cars.

Reese grabs Sarah and pulls her down to huddle below dash level. A moment later a spotlight flashes across the seats above them.

SARAH
Reese... why me? Why does it want me?

They are lying very close, a forced intimacy. Reese's voice is an urgent whisper, almost in her ear. A cruiser passes so close they can hear its radio clearly.

REESE
There's so much to tell...

134 CONTINUED: 134

SARAH
Just start at the beginning.

Reese musters his thoughts. And starts:

REESE
There was a war. A few years from now. Nuclear war. The whole thing. All this --

His gesture includes the car, the city, the world.

REESE
(continuing)
-- everything... is gone. Just gone. There were survivors. Here. There. Nobody knew who started it.
(pause)
It was the machines.

SARAH
I don't understand...

REESE
Defense network computer. New. Powerful. Hooked into everything. Trusted to run it all. They say it got smart... a new order of intelligence. Then it saw all people as a threat, not just the ones on the other side. Decided our fate in a microsecond... extermination.

Reese pauses, and when he continues it's less like a military briefing, quieter.

REESE
(continuing)
Didn't see the war. I was born after, in the ruins. Grew up there. Starving. Hiding from the H-K's.

SARAH
The what?

REESE
Hunter Killers. Patrol machines. Built in automated factories. Most of us were rounded up, put in camps ... for orderly disposal.

(CONTINEUD)

134 CONTINUED: 134

He pushes up the sleeve of his jacket and shows her a ten-digit number etched on the skin of his forearm. Beneath the numbers is a pattern of lines like the automatic-pricing marks on product packages.

REESE
(continuing)
Burned in by laser scan.
(pause)
Some of us were kept alive... to work. Loading bodies. The disposal units ran night and day. We were that close to going out forever...

Reese is holding onto Sarah's shoulders tightly.

REESE
(continuing)
... but there was one man... who taught us to fight. To storm the wire of the camps. To smash those metal mother-fuckers into junk. He turned it around... he brought us back from the brink.
(pause)
His name is Connor. John Connor... your son, Sarah. Your unborn son.

Sarah stares at him.

135/136 OMITTED 135/136

137 EXT. USED CAR LOT - NIGHT 137

The Eldorado is F.G. as the nose of Terminator's cruiser appears behind it, moving slowly.

C.U. - TERMINATOR, scanning.

LOW ANGLE, past the back of the Eldorado, as Terminator cruises by. The tailpipe, F.G., puffs quietly.
Terminator's head snaps around.
His eyes lock on Reese's car.
He reaches for his shotgun.

138A INT./EXT. ELDORADO 138

Reese's head jerks up, looking in the mirror.
He sees Terminator about to fire. Ducks.
The rear window is blown in, showering them with glass.

(CONTINUED)

138A CONTINUED: 138

He slams the car in gear.
The front tires spin, smoking, as it launches forward.

139/140 OMITTED 139/140

141 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 141

Reese and Terminator race along opposite sides of a row of cars, approaching the exit.
The cruiser pulls ahead and closes diagonally as they clear the last car.
Reese sees the other's shotgun levelled.
He ducks, steering blind, keeps it floored.
The windshield and side window EXPLODE INWARD.

The Eldorado slams into the black-and-white, spinning it into a parked truck. TIRES SCREAM as the two cars slew around heading for the exit.

SEVERAL ANGLES, as the police react.

Cruisers race to converge.

142 OMIT 142

143 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 143

LOW WIDE ANGLE, PRECEDING REESE'S Eldorado as it hits the street, accelerating. Terminator's cruiser slides out behind it, fishtails, races forward.
Engines roar as the cars go flat out. Buildings lining the street become a blur.
Legitimate police, lights blazing, enter the pursuit one by one.

LOW ANGLE, MOVING WITH TERMINATOR'S CAR as Reese dodges across all lanes ahead of it.
Terminator is gaining.
They run an intersection at a hundred plus.

144 INT. ELDORADO - NIGHT 144

Reese is feeding his last two shells into the riot gun.

REESE
(yelling)
Steer!

Holding the gun in both hands he leans out the window, still keeping the throttle mashed down.
Sarah grabs the wheel, fighting to control the car.

145 EXT. STREET/ELDORADO - NIGHT 145

MOVING WITH THE ELDORADO, looking back, as Reese aims the shotgun, buffeted by the windstream.
Terminator's car, B.G., overtakes rapidly.

SARAH
(shouting)
Reese!

CUT TO:

146 INT. ELDORADO - NIGHT 146

OVER SARAH'S SHOULDER as they approach an intersection... red light their way and a TRACTOR-TRAILER CAR CARRIER entering crosswise.

147 EXT. STREET/CARS - NIGHT 147

Past Terminator, F.G., his shotgun aimed as he comes alongside... at Sarah.

148 INT. ELDORADO - NIGHT 148

Sarah grabs the shift lever. Slams it into reverse.

149 EXT. STREET/CARS - NIGHT 149

MOVING WITH BOTH CARS as the Eldorado skids with rear tires locked. Reese and Terminator FIRE simultaneously.

TIGHT ON SARAH as the doorpost next to her shoulder is torn out by the other's blast.

ON TERMINATOR, leaning to see around his shattered windshield.
Too late.
He hurtles into the intersection, past the skidding Eldorado.
Clips the back of the semi.
Spins radically.
Slams into a parked van at 60 mph. An explosion of metal.

LOW ANGLE as Reese and Sarah slide to a stop in a cloud of tire smoke.
Transmission fluid pours out of the car like blood.
An instant later they are surrounded by an assortment of LAPD SHERIFF'S DEPT., and CHP CARS.

MEDIUM ON SARAH AND REESE, he raises his hands, through the side window, in plain sight. A phalanx of cops, guns drawn, approaches the car warily.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: 149

Sarah looks at Reese. Then at the cops. She opens the door and runs, staggering, toward them. Traxler steps forward and pulls her away to safety.

C.U. - REESE, watching her go as a cop eases his door open.

Two cops approach the almost unrecognizable wreckage of the squad car.
They shine their flashlights inside.
It is empty.

The cyborg has VANISHED.

150 OMITTED 150

151 INT. TRAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 151

Sarah, huddled in a blanket, is sitting on a bench opposite Traxler's desk. Motionless. Her eyes are fixed on the middle distance. She's been crying. Now she's emptied out.

The door opens.
At the sound of the latch Sarah jerks as if struck, and cringes involuntarily. Traxler enters with Vukovich and DR. PETER SILBERMAN, a criminal psychologist. Silberman is smooth of skin and manner, young, ambitious. He is enthusiastic about the workings of the human psyche, as emotionally involved as someone pulling the wings off a fly.

Traxler sits beside Sarah and hands her a cup of coffee. He puts a paternal arm around her shoulders.

TRAXLER
Here, drink some of this...

SARAH
(voice flat, desperate)
Lieutenant, are you sure it's them?
Maybe I should see the... bodies.

TRAXLER
They've already been identified.
There's no doubt.

Sarah begins to cry again, slowly and very quietly.

SARAH
(to herself)
Oh, God... Ginger... kiddo, I'm so sorry.

Traxler takes the coffee cup from her as her arms sag and it starts to spill.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

TRAXLER
(gently)
Sarah.
(pause)
Sarah, this is Dr. Silberman. I'd like you to tell him everything Reese said to you. Do you feel up to it?

SARAH
(almost inaudible)
I guess so.
(to Silberman)
You're a doctor?

SILBERMAN
A criminal psychologist.

SARAH
Is Reese crazy?

SILBERMAN
That's what we're going to find out.

152 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 152

The room costs five dollars a night and that's steep, but the FIRE ESCAPE outside the window adds an element of strategic value.
A silhouette slips in through the window and clicks on the single BARE LIGHT BLUB.
It's Terminator, and he's a mess.
A bloody scarecrow with bullet wounds in stomach, chest, shoulder and right wrist.

MEDIUM ON TERMINATOR

as he sits at a ratty folding table under the light.
His eyebrows are singed off.
Left eye glistening with imbedded glass shards.

Before him on the table is an array of SMALL TOOLS.
He removes the charred remains of his jacket and props one elbow on the table.

ANGLE PAST HIS NON-FUNCTIONAL RIGHT ARM, F.G.

as he examines it. He picks up an EXACTO-TYPE KNIFE and cuts deeply into the skin of his forearm.
His expression is one of mild concentration.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: 152

E.C.U. - FOREARM

as he pulls back a large flap of skin to reveal a complex trunk of SHEATHED CABLES AND HYDRAULICS.
They slide as he moves his fingers.

RESUME MEDIUM

as Terminator uses a rag to wipe away the blood. With small screwdrivers he begins to patiently disassemble the damaged mechanism around the 12-gauge hit.

153 INT. DIVISION HQ/INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 153

The room is small, furnished with only a table and two chairs. Reese, his arms handcuffed behind him, sits opposite Dr. Silberman. Behind Silberman is a large mirror.
A DETECTIVE leans against the wall.

SILBERMAN
So. You're a soldier. Fighting for whom?

REESE
With the One Thirty Second under Perry, from '21 to '27 --

SILBERMAN
(interrupting)
The year 2027?

154 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM 154

Traxler and Vukovich are seated in the dark room, watching Reese, B.G., through the two-way mirror. Just behind the glass is a VIDEO CAMERA ON A TRIPOD, aimed at Reese, and a CART holding a SMALL MONITOR and VIDEOCASSETTE RECORDER.

REESE
(through speaker)
That's right.

VUKOVICH
(quietly, to Traxler)
This is fucking great.

155 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 155

REESE
Then I was assigned Recon/Security, last two years, under John Connor.

SILBERMAN
And who was the enemy?

REESE
SKYNET. A computer defense system built for SAC-NORAD by Cyberdyne Systems. A modified Series 4800.

SILBERMAN
(gravely)
I see. And this... computer, thinks it can win by killing the mother of its enemy, killing him, in effect, before he is even conceived? A sort of retroactive abortion?

REESE
Yes.

156 INT. OBSERVATION BOOTH - NIGHT 156

Vukovich snorts and grins.

VUKOVICH
That Silberman just cracks me up.
(pause)
He had this guy in here last week who set his Afghan on fire. Screwed it first, then set it on--

TRAXLER
(leaning forward)
Shut up.

157 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 157

REESE
... it had no choice. The defensive grid was smashed. We'd taken the mainframes... We'd won. Taking out Connor then would make no difference. Skynet had to wipe out his entire existence. We captured the lab complex. Found the... whatever it was called... the time-displacement equipment.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: 157

REESE (Cont'd)
The Terminator had already gone through. They sent two of us to intercept, then zeroed the whole place. Sumner didn't make it.

SILBERMAN
Then how are you supposed to get back?

REESE
Can't. Nobody goes home. Nobody else comes through. It's just him and me.

158 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 158

E.C.U. - TERMINATOR

in profile, showing his lacerated eye.
He is close to a mirror, practically touching it, staring intently.

MACRO - EXACTO TYPE KNIFE

laying on the dresser. Terminator's fingers lift it.
CAMERA TILTS TO FOLLOW as it rises to his face, holds TIGHT ON left eye.
With a smooth motion the knife point enters the eyeball and cuts away the ruined sclera and cornea, as well as part of the damaged eyelids.

He wipes with a rag to clear the electronic eye's vision.
Revealing the faintly glowing lens mechanism, suspended in a chrome socket by tiny servos.
The eye whirs quietly as it tracks.

We see Terminator's right arm is sutured crudely where it was repaired.
He puts on a pair of gloves.
A fresh shirt to hide his body wounds.
This is followed by a new overcoat.

C.U. - TERMINATOR

contemplating his reflection in the mirror.
Favoring his right profile he looks unhurt... though a bit gaunt and pale.

A turn of his head brings the balefully glowing left eye in its metal socket into view.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: 158

He slips on a pair of tight, wrap-around sunglasses.

FULL SHOT

as he goes to the bed and flips up the stained mattress. He picks up the Remington 12 gauge, the AR-180 and the .38 off the springs and leaves by the fire escape.

CUT TO:

159 INT. TRAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 159

TIGHT ON VIDEO MONITOR showing Reese in the Interrogation Room.

REESE
(recorded)
... It's just him and me.

CUT WIDE

revealing Sarah, Silberman, Traxler and Vukovich watching a monitor sitting amid incredible paperwork clutter on a desk top.

SILBERMAN
(recorded)
Why didn't you bring any weapons? Something more advanced. Don't you have ray guns?

Vukovich, standing in the back, grins and nudges Silberman, who nods appreciatively.

TIGHT ON REESE'S RECORDED IMAGE

He glares at Silberman.

ON SARAH

as Silberman's voice is heard.

SILBERMAN
(recorded)
Show me a piece of future technology.

REESE
(recorded/controlling his hostility)
You go naked. Something about the field generated by a living organism. Nothing dead will go.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: 159

SILBERMAN
(recorded)
Why?

REESE
(recorded)
I didn't build the fucking thing.

SILBERMAN
(recorded)
Okay. Okay. But this...
(consults his notes)
cyborg... if it's metal --

REESE
(recorded)
Surrounded by living tissue.

SILBERMAN
(recorded)
Of course.

The real Silberman puts the tape on "PAUSE".

SILBERMAN
(excited)
This is great stuff. I could make a career out of this guy. You see how clever this part is... how it doesn't require a shred of proof. Most paranoid delusions are intricate... but this is brilliant.

He starts the tape again.

SILBERMAN
(recorded)
Why were the two other women killed?

REESE
(recorded)
Most records were lost in the war. Skynet knew almost nothing about Connor's mother. Her name. Where she lived, just the city. No scanner pictures. The Terminator was just being systematic.

C.U. - REESE, ON SCREEN

as he goes on.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: 159

REESE
(recorded/continuing)
You've heard enough. Decide.
Are you going to release me?

SILBERMAN
(recorded)
I'm afraid that's not up to me.

REESE
(recorded/voice rising)
Then why am I talking to you? Get
out!

ON SARAH, DOLLYING SLOWLY IN TO C.U.

as we hear Reese begin to shout.

SILBERMAN
(recorded)
I can help you--

REESE
(recorded)
Who is in authority here?

C.U. REESE, ON SCREEN

as he looks straight at the camera.

REESE
(recorded)
You still don't get it. He'll find
her. That's what he does. All he
does...

MEDIUM ON TRAXLER

gesturing to Silberman, who is near the machine, to kill it.

REESE
(recorded/continuing)
You can't stop him. He'll wade
through you...

C.U. - REESE, ON SCREEN

rising partway out of his chair, yelling:

REESE
(recorded/continuing)
... reach down her throat, and pull
her fucking heart out...

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: 159

The screen goes black.
Traxler has cut off the tape.

SILBERMAN
(glancing around)
Sorry.

C.U. - SARAH

staring at the empty screen.

SARAH
(turning)
So Reese is crazy.

SILBERMAN
In technical terminology, he's a loon.

SARAH
But--

Traxler hands her something that looks like umpire's padding.

TRAXLER
Sarah, this is body armor. Our TAC guys wear it. It'll stop a 12-gauge round. This other individual must've had one under his coat.

Sarah wants to believe him. God help her if he's wrong.

SARAH
But what about him punching through the windshield?

VUKOVICH
(shrugs)
Probably on PCP, broke every bone in his hand and won't feel it for hours. There was this guy once that--

Traxler cuts him off with a gesture and sits beside Sarah on the bench.

TRAXLER
Why don't you just stretch out here and get some sleep. It'll take your mom a good hour to get here from Redlands.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: 159

SARAH
I can't sleep.

TRAXLER
Go ahead. You're safe. There're thirty cops in this building.

SARAH
Okay.

She lays her head on a wadded-up blanket as everyone leaves the office.

160 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT FOYER - NIGHT 160

Silberman can be seen through a glass partition next to the bullet-proof glass booth enclosing the NIGHT DESK SERGEANT'S counter. The sergeant hits a button and there is a loud BUZZ-CLACK. The electric bolt on the security door opens and Silberman steps out.

As he exits the station, he passes Terminator just coming in the front door. He glances at the pale apparition in cap and dark wrap-arounds, but goes on.
Terminator approaches the Desk Sergeant who barely glances up when he speaks.

TERMINATOR
I'm a friend of Sarah Connor. I was told she is here. Can I see her, please?

SERGEANT
You can't see her. She's making a statement.

TERMINATOR
Where is she?

SERGEANT
(laconically)
Look. It's gonna be a while. You wanna wait. There's a bench.

Terminator steps back, scanning the booth, the electric door, the rooms beyond.

TERMINATOR
I'll come back.

He turns and walks out through the front doors.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: 160

ANGLE PAST DESK SERGEANT, F.G. - ON FRONT DOORS

The officer is absorbed in paperwork, not watching as a pair of lights get BRIGHTER outside the doors. RAPIDLY. He glances up at the last second as the glare falls fully on him. CRASH! Several cops and late-night loiterers scatter as a car smashes into the foyer. It blasts through the sergeant's booth, crushing him in the wreckage.

161 INT. DIVISION HQ/ TRAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 161

Sarah, lying on the couch, jerks awake as the crash REVERBERATES through the building. She sits up, bleary-eyed.

162 INT. DIVISION HQ/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 162

Through the hole in the splintered wall we see Terminator leap out of the car.
He vaults the hood and smashes through the debris of the wall.
Leaps to the corridor floor in a shower of plaster fragments.
He brandishes the AR-180 like a pistol in one hand, the shotgun in the other.

LOW ANGLE DOLLY

preceding him as he starts down the corridor.

ANGLE ON LOUNGE DOORWAY

as TWO COPS run into the hall, one carrying a cup of coffee. Terminator fires a burst from the assault rifle.

ANGLE ON COPS

They are flung backward in a spray of coffee and plaster.

163 INT. DIVISION HQ/TRAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 163

Sarah is alert now with growing alarm. The sound of GUNFIRE is faint... but unmistakable. Her expression shows the dawning certainty of what is happening.

164 INT. DIVISION HQ/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 164

Terminator steps over the bodies of the two cops without breaking stride.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: 164

OVER HIS SHOULDER, MOVING WITH HIM as he walks down the hall. Comes to a door. Tries it. Locked.
Kicks it in.
A DESK COP, drawing his gun, sprints for cover.

ANGLE ON TERMINATOR

raising the AR-180.

165/FX INT. DIVISION HQ/OFFICE - TERMINATOR'S POV - NIGHT 165/

In computer-enhanced vision we see the cop dash around a corner in SLOW MOTION. As he disappears behind the wall an ANIMATED OUTLINE OF HIM is still visible... a PROBABILISTIC EXTRAPOLATION OF HIS MOTION. There is a target cross-hair following the figure.

166 INT. DIVISION HQ/OFFICE - BEHIND WALL - NIGHT 166

The wall erupts with a volley of shots beside the running cop and he is flung OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO:

167 INT. TRAXLER'S OFFICE 167

Shots are echoing in the hallway as Traxler whips open the door, startling the hell out of Sarah.

TRAXLER
Stay here.

He turns the locking knob and slams the door.
Leaving her alone.
She flinches as more SHOTS SOUND. CLOSER.

CUT TO:

167A INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 167A

Terminator rips the cover off the station's main electrical panel. He pulls loose the hose-like 440-volt incoming line and feeds it directly into the lighting circuit.

All down the corridor the overhead fluorescent units explode, showering sparks and glass.

167B INT. TRAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 167B

Sarah's terror skyrockets when the ceiling lamp explodes and the office goes black.

168 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 168

Through the smoke and emergency spotlights Terminator moves forward, inexorably.
A door beside him opens. A COP fires, hitting him in the shoulder. Terminator fires straight-arm with the 12-gauge, without slowing, killing the cop. Then fires down the corridor with the assault rifle.

169 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 169

Vukovich leaves the other detective to guard Reese, who is still handcuffed to the chair.

VUKOVICH
(exiting)
Watch him.

The door closes.

An instant later a chair smashes over the detective's back, just as he is turning toward his prisoner.
Reese is on him, scrabbling for the keys.

170 INT. CROSS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 170

Vukovich is running down the hall through smoke and the wild strobing of electrical fires as Traxler steps out of an armory room. He tosses Vukovich an M-16 and they run on.

171 INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT 171

Terminator stops before another door. He BLASTS the lock with the shotgun. Flings open the door, scanning.
Moves on.
He is hit twice, chest and leg.
Firelight flickers from an office doorway as he passes.

172 INT. TRAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah scrabbles for a place to hide in the darkened room but it's so tiny. Behind the desk. She crouches unable to believe she has awakened into the same nightmare.

173 INT. OFFICE NEARBY - NIGHT 173

ANGLE ON DOOR as it splinters open and Terminator stands, guns raised. A COP fires from behind a desk.
Terminator sprays the room
Starts to reload.

CUT TO:

174 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 174

Traxler edges open a door and fires half a clip into Terminator's back. His eyes bulge as the intruder turns, slamming a clip into his rifle and calmly fires two rounds. Vukovich drags Traxler's body back inside the room.

VUKOVICH
Ed! Ed...?

175 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 175

TIGHT ON TERMINATOR, moving forward, intent.

176 INT. TRAXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 176

MEDIUM ON SARAH, her teeth are chattering with fear as SHOTS echo nearby. Getting closer.

The doorknob RATTLES as it is tried from outside.
She flinches as if slapped as shots shatter the lock.
The door bangs open and a figure stands silhouetted in the smoky hallway, holding a pistol.

REESE
Sarah?

She scrabbles out from beneath the desk and runs to him in the thickening smoke.

177 INT. CONNECTING OFFICES - NIGHT 177

PANAGLIDE FOLLOWING REESE AND SARAH as they cross the corridor and move through a series of offices, doubling back toward the main entrance.

178 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT 178

Sarah and Reese move rapidly through the smoke.
Gunfire sounds nearby. They pass bodies.

TRAXLER (V.O.)
(weakly)
Reese!

They find the Lieutenant propped in a corner, dying.
Reese bends toward him.
Traxler holds out his .38 Special.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: 178

TRAXLER
(continuing)
You just keep her alive. Do what you have to.

Reese snatches the gun and runs out.

C.U. - TRAXLER

watching them go.

179 INT./EXT. OFFICES/SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT 179

FAST PANAGLIDE PRECEDING TERMINATOR as he runs through the smoky rooms. A fire is burning, lighting everything a flickering orange.
He emerges onto a landing through a side entrance. PAN to follow his line of sight as he snaps the AR-180 to his shoulder. B.G. a BROWN DATSUN tears away across the parking lot.

TIGHT ON TERMINATOR

aiming carefully. He pulls the trigger.
It clicks... empty. Slowly he lowers the scope-sight from his eye and watches them go.

Terminator limps down the steps from the landing and walks away as the fire spreads behind the windows of Division Headquarters.

CUT TO:

180 INT. DATSUN - NIGHT 180

DETAIL - GAS GAUGE, it reads EMPTY.

CUT TO:

181 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 181

The Datsun is stopped on the shoulder of a two-lane secondary road winding through the mountains north of L.A.
Reese is fishing objects out of the car's trunk and handing them to Sarah, who holds a flashlight.
He hands her a blanket, some road flares, and a first aid kit. Then he slams the trunk. Reaching through the side window, he turns the wheel and pushes the car off the shoulder, over the embankment.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181

DOWN ANGLE INTO RAVINE

past Sarah and Reese, as the car trundles down, crashing through the underbrush to disappear among the trees.

REESE
Let's get off the road.

182 INT./EXT. DRAINAGE CULVERT - NIGHT 182

ANGLE LOOKING OUT from the mouth of an enclosed concrete storm drain that passes under the road. Reese, followed by Sarah, trudges down the slope and ducks inside.
The floor is wet but he doesn't seem to mind.
They both hunker down with their backs to the concrete, facing each other.
They look beaten, grimy, exhausted.
She huddles under the blanket, waif-like.

REESE
You cold?

SARAH
Freezing.

REESE
Come here.

She sits beside him and they wrap their arms around each other with the blanket covering both of them.

SARAH
Reese... you got a first name?

REESE
Kyle.

SARAH
Kyle, what's it like when you go through time?

REESE
White light. Pain. Like being ripped inside out... slowly. Like being born, maybe.

Sarah scowls and draws her hand out from under his jacket.

SARAH
You're wet. Oh my god.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

In the beam of the flashlight her hand is glistening with blood.

REESE
I caught one, back there.

SARAH
(incredulous)
Caught one? You mean you got shot?

Reese shrugs.

REESE
It's not bad.

Sarah sits up and turns toward him.

SARAH
We gotta get you to a doctor.

REESE
It's okay. Forget it.

SARAH
Forget it? Are you crazy? Let me see it.

Sarah opens his jacket and the flashlight beam shows his shirt bloodsoaked at the shoulder.

SARAH
(continuing)
Jeez. Take this off.

She cradles the flashlight between her knees and opens the first aid kit as he removes his jacket.

REESE
(looking at the wound)
See. Missed everything. Passed through the meat.

Sarah starts swabbing the flesh wound.

SARAH
This is gonna make me puke. Talk about something.

REESE
What?

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

SARAH
Just talk. Tell me about my son. Is he tall?

She puts a gauze pad in place and starts to wrap it.

REESE
About my height. He has your--
(he winces)
... damn... he has your eyes.

Sarah glances at his face for a second and then goes back to work.

SARAH
What's he like?

REESE
(thoughtful)
You trust him. He's got that strength. You'd die in a second for John.

SARAH
Well, at least I know what to name him. I don't suppose you'd know who the father is? So I don't tell him to get lost when I meet him.

REESE
John never said much about him. He dies. Even before the war...

SARAH
(interrupting)
Stop! I don't want to know. Hold still. So... it was John that ordered you here?

REESE
I volunteered.

SARAH
You volunteered?

REESE
It was an honor. A chance to meet the legend. Sarah Connor. Who taught her son to fight... organize, prepare.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

REESE (Cont'd)
From when he was a kid. When you were in hiding, before the war.

She stops taping. She seems lost, her bravado dissipated.

SARAH
You talk about things I haven't done yet in the past tense. It's making me crazy. I can't think.
(pause)
Are you sure you've got the right person?

Reese appraises her coldly.

REESE
I'm sure.

SARAH
Come on, me? The mother of the future? Am I tough? Organized? I can't even balance my checkbook. I cry when I see a cat that's been run over... and I don't even like cats.

She pulls the bandage tight with a knot.

REESE
Ow! No, it's okay. It's better tight.

SARAH
And anyway, what do I know about guerilla warfare?

REESE
You'll learn.

SARAH
(angry)
Look, Reese, I didn't ask for this honor and I don't want it. Any of it.

REESE
John gave me a message for you. Made me memorize it. 'Sarah'... this it the message... 'Sarah, thank you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

REESE (Cont'd)
For your courage through the dark years. I can't help you with what you must soon face, except to tell you that the future is not set... there is no such thing as Fate, but what we make for ourselves by our own will. You must be stronger than you imagine you can be. You must survive, or I will never exist.' That's all.

Sarah stares at him as the enormity of it all becomes real to her. Reese moves his arm, testing the bandage.

REESE
(continuing)
Good field-dressing.

SARAH
(brightening)
You like it? It's my first.

He rebuttons his shirt and they return to the warmth-conserving embrace. Sarah gazes out the entrance, into the night.

REESE
Sleep. It'll be light soon.

SARAH
(closing her eyes)
Okay. Talk some more.

REESE
About what?

SARAH
(murmuring)
About where you're from.

REESE
Alright.
(pausing)
You stay down by day, but at night you can move around. The H-K's use infra-red so you still have to watch out. But they're not too bright. John taught us ways to dust them. That's when the infiltrators started to appear. The Terminators were the newest, and the worst...

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

During his monologue we have PANNED into the darkness outside, leaving a BLACK FRAME. A ROTOR ROAR fades up.

CUT IN BLACK TO:

183/FX EXT. CITY RUINS, 2029 - NIGHT 183/

Black sky. Stars.
With a roar an AERIAL PATROL CRAFT enters close overhead.
It has flashing red and blue lights and powerful searchlights which stab down.

TILT DOWN

to a vista of moonlit devastation.
White ash blows in drifts among fire-gutted ruins.
Another aerial unit hovers several blocks away, firing tracers into the ruins.

184/FX EXT. RUINS/POV THROUGH SCOPE - NIGHT 184/

An electronically enhanced image of the aerial H-K as it patrols the ruins.

184A/FX EXT. RUINS - NIGHT 184A/

MED. ON REESE as he scans the ruined city with a starlight scope mounted on his energy rifle.

WIDER

as Reese and several squad members enter a concealed manhole and descend out of sight.

185 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 185

Reese's squad climbs down a debris-choked stairwell.
They pass a sentry post.
Move down through several levels.
Reach a welded barrier.
Two sentries with GERMAN SHEPHERDS on short leashes pass them through.

186 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT 186

The platoon enters a cavernous chamber, an old parking structure, in which a large group lives.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: 186

FOLLOWING REESE as he patrols the perimeter.
He walks along a row of rusted CARS.
He passes several family groups.
Gaunt kids are huddled around an old TV SET.

REVERSE ANGLE

reveals that the set has been gutted and a small cookfire crackles inside the shell
Nearby a kid has a LARGE RAT cornered and is whacking it with a stick.

Reese pauses at the end of the row of vehicles and unsnaps a pocket in his tunic, removing a small paper rectangle, a worn photograph.

CU - REESE

gazing down. His head snaps around at the sudden sound of BARKING.

ANGLE ON SENTRY POST

as the dogs go crazy.

SENTRY
(shouting)
Terminator!

An innocuous, RAG-DRESSED MAN flips back his poncho to reveal a powerful PLASMA-RIFLE. He opens FIRE, running forward. ENERGY BOLTS rip into the crowd.

MOVING WITH REESE, running toward the Terminator.

RAPID CUTS:

POWERBOLTS EXPLODE among the fleeing people.
Beams sear the darkness.

ANGLE ON REESE

running. He levels his energy-rifle and starts firing. A powerbolt grazes his cheek, EXPLODING a support column behind him. Part of the ROOF COLLAPSES as Reese tumbles.

Everything is lit as if by lightning.

C.U. - REESE

semi-conscious. Burned. Bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: 186

Impressions implode on him: running feet, flashes, energy beams, screaming.

Reese looks up.
A figure looms above, a silhouette in the smoky, hellish glare. The TERMINATOR. Its eyes glow red.

A brilliant EXPLOSION WHITES OUT THE SCREEN.

DETAIL

The picture Reese has been looking at has fallen, forgotten. It catches fire and starts to curl. Before the image vanishes we see that it is a picture of Sarah.

DISSOLVE TO:

187 INT./EXT. CULVERT - DAWN 187

C.U. SARAH, brightly lit by daylight. Asleep. She grimaces and groans.
In the distance a dog is barking.

Reese, still holding her, lightly lifts her hair from her face. An uncharacterististically tender gesture. He gently caresses her cheek with the backs of his fingers. When she awakens suddenly he snaps his hand away.

Sarah looks around, momentarily disoriented. Looks up at Reese.

SARAH
I was dreaming about dogs.

Reese extricates himself from her and stands up.

REESE
We used them to spot Terminators.

Sarah groans as she straightens her legs.

SARAH
Your world... it's pretty terrifying.

Reese doesn't respond directly.

REESE
Let's get moving.

They emerge into a beautiful landscape of mountain forest, wreathed in early-morning mist.

188 EXT. REST STOP - MORNING 188

A small service building at a deserted mountain turnout. The highway is visible nearby.

Reese is attempting to hotwire an old pickup parked near the woods.
Sarah, F.G., is on a pay phone, out of Reese's line of sight around the corner of the building.

SARAH
... I know, Mom. This is the soonest I could... I know... Mom, Mom, I can't talk long. No, I'm Okay.
(pause)
I'm okay, really. I'm not supposed to be calling anyone so just listen... I want you to pack some stuff and go up to the cabin for a few days. Just don't... no, don't ask any questions. Just do it. I gotta get going... gotta go. Bye, bye.

Sarah has been idly leafing through the DIRECTORY. On a whim she looks up something.
She freezes for a moment when she finds the listing.
Then with a triumphant expression she rips the page out of the book.

ON REESE

as Sarah runs up to him.
The truck is not starting, and its battery gives up with a dying groan.

She shows him the directory page, looking smug.

SARAH
Look. I found it.

REESE
What's that?

SARAH
That's where we're going.

MACRO ON PAGE

Sarah's finger points to a listing which reads:

CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS, INC.
18144 El Camino Real, S'Vale

188 CONTINUED: 188

ANGLE ON SARAH AND REESE

SARAH
Isn't that it? Cyberdyne Systems?

REESE
What about it?

SARAH
Didn't you say that they're going to develop this revolutionary new thing...

REESE
Molecular-memory.

SARAH
Whatever... they become the hotshot computer guys so they get the job to build that Skynet thing, for the government. Right?

REESE
(uneasy)
That's the way it was told to me.

Sarah's fear has been replaced by excitement.

SARAH
Well, we're gonna uninvent the bastard. Eighty-six it. We'll blow up the place... burn it down. Something.

REESE
(very cold)
Tactically dangerous. We lay low.

SARAH
Reese. Think it through. We can prevent the war. Nobody else is gonna do it. If we go to anybody official we wind up back in jail and then he's got us again. We have to do it ourselves.

REESE
That's not my mission.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: 188

SARAH
(upset, mocking his manner)
Listen. Understand. I'm not a military objective, Reese. I'm a person... You don't own me.

Reese takes her arm and pulls her to her feet.

REESE
Let's go. Time to move out.

SARAH
Fuck you! Let go of me!

She jerks her arm free. He reaches for her again but she outdistances him, running.

REESE
(warning tone)
Sarah!

She dashes down a footpath among the trees, clutching her piece of paper. Reese follows her into the woods.

189/190/191/192 OMITTED 189/190/191/192

193 EXT. WOODS/CLEARING - DAY 193

Only a few yards from the rest stop, the woods take over completely.

PANNING WITH SARAH

as she runs down the path.
Reese tackles her from behind and they fall together in the long spring grass.
She struggles violently to get away.

SARAH
Let... go... bastard...

She gets one arm free and whacks him hard in the face. Reese reacts instinctively, leaping back in a defensive crouch. Sarah freezes when she sees the .357 in his hand.

SARAH
(continuing; scared, but angry)
Oh, that's real smart. Go on, shoot me. That's brilliant.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: 193

Reese is trembling as he lowers the gun.
Sarah too is shaking with emotion. Tears roll down her cheeks and her voice cracks.

SARAH
(continuing)
Jesus Christ, Reese. Can't you see I'm scared?

He straightens up and his arms go limp at his sides.
He turns away.

SARAH
(continuing)
I can't spend my life waiting for that thing to catch up with me... always looking over my shoulder, wondering if I left some tiny clue behind...

Reese doesn't respond.
The gun slips from his fingers.
His will seems to drain from him and he sags to his knees.
The moment stretches.
There is only the sunlight moving in shafts through the leaves, the sound of a small stream nearby, birds chirping.

SARAH
Reese?

She crawls over to him.

C.U. - REESE

in profile, with Sarah B.G.
His eyes are closed.
A tear meanders down his cheek.

SARAH
(continuing; quietly)
Kyle?

REESE
(a whisper)
I'm wrong here. I wasn't meant to see this...

He gestures at their surroundings.

REESE
(continuing)
It's... like some dream. This... this...

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: 193

He touches the grass, the trunk of a tree.

REESE
(continuing)
... and you... all so... beautiful.
It hurts, Sarah. More than death.

He looks at her beseechingly.

REESE
(continuing)
Don't you understand... it's all gone!

Sarah puts her arms around him.
She sniffs andwipes at her nose with the back of her hand.

SARAH
(continuing)
We can change it, Kyle. We have to at least try.

She takes his shoulders in her hands.

SARAH
(continuing)
There's no fate but what we make for ourselves. Right? Come on. Let's go, kiddo. Whaddya say?

He picks up the scrap of paper and they look at each other for a second, then get up.

CUT TO:

194 INT. TERMINATOR'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 194

Terminator sits in his room with the blinds drawn tight. Murky. Claustrophobic. With knife slits of hot sunlight.

MEDIUM ON TERMINATOR

sitting on the edge of the bed.
His appearance isn't improving.

He is scanning Sarah's address book, turning a page every two seconds.

C.U. - TERMINATOR

his eyes tracking rapidly. His skin is waxy, WHITE, BRUISED, GANGRENOUS in places. He ignores the FEW FLIES crawling on his face.

194A/FX POV _ TERMINATOR - DAY 194A/

Showing Sarah's book.
In microseconds the handwritten entries are translated into CRT-type characters and displayed to one side of the screen. This updates instantly as the page is turned.

195 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR 195

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN with a torn T-shirt covering his paunch knocks on the door. He is wheeling a trash cart.

MAN
Hey, buddy, you got a dead cat in there or what?

196 INT. TERMINATOR'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 196

TIGHT ON TERMINATOR, as he looks up.

197/FX POV - TERMINATOR - DAY 197/F

The digitized image PANS to the door and a LOGIC-FLOW DIAGRAM appears overlaid in color-coded words. It concludes with a list of potential appropriate responses:

YES/NO
OR WHAT
GO AWAY
PLEASE COME BACK LATER
FUCK YOU
FUCK YOU, ASSHOLE

The last begins to FLASH, and enlarges to fill the screen.

198 RESUME ANGLE 198

TERMINATOR
Fuck you, asshole.

H_ returns to his scan.

199 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY 199

The man shrugs and walks on down the hall.

CUT TO:

200 EXT. MOTEL - DUSK 200

The two fugitives walk toward an economy motel of the two-story park-by-the-door variety.
Sarah turns to wave as a TRACTOR-TRAILER pulls away noisily, heading back to the Interstate. The driver answers her wave out the wide window. Reese stops for a moment outside the motel office to pet a GERMAN SHEPHERD sitting on the porch. The dog wags its tail and licks his hand.

Reese opens the door and they go in.

201 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY 201

Reese pulls a crumpled wad of bills from his jeans and shows it to Sarah.

REESE
Is this enough?

SARAH
Yes. And I don't want to know where you got it.

She turns to the desk clerk, a female version of the pawnship lizard.

SARAH
(to clerk)
We need a room... with a kitchen.

202 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DUSK 202

Kyle and Sarah enter the spartan room.

SARAH
I'm dying for a shower. You could use one too. And we'd better check that bandage.

REESE
Later. I'm going out for material. Keep this.

He hands her the .38 he took from Traxler.

She takes it without thinking as he leaves then realizes that she has A LOADED GUN IN HER HAND, without the slightest idea of how to use it.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: 202

She lays it gently on the dresser.
As an afterthought, she turns it with one finger so that it is pointing the other way.

Sarah moves the curtain slightly and looks outside.

203 EXT. MOTEL - DUSK 203

Reese walks away toward a commercial area visible down the road.

204 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 204

Sarah is on the phone, her hair still wet from a shower. She sits on the bed with a towel wrapped around her.

SARAH
... No, Mom, I can't tell you where I am. I was told not to say.

SARAH'S MOM (V.O./filtered)
But honey, I need to know where I can reach you or I'll be worried sick. It turns out I can't stay up here... the electricity's off... and I don't know just where I'll be.

Sarah hesitates, then:

SARAH
Okay, here's the number. Are you ready?

SARAH'S MOM (V.O./filtered)
Go ahead.

205 INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT 205

SLOW PAN around the room as the conversation between Sarah a..d her Mom continues, completely VOICE OVER.

SARAH (V.O./filtered)
It's 408-555-1439. Room 14.

SARAH'S MOM (V.O.
I've got it.

The PAN continues, revealing an overturned chair.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: 205

SARAH (V.O./filtered)
Okay, I've gotta go. I'm sorry I can't tell you very much now, Mom. I love you.

The PAN comes to a table. Smashed plates. Spilled coffee. A spatter of blood. A phone. It follows the phone cord onto Terminator in CLOSE-UP as he continues in a perfect simulation of her mother's voice...

TERMINATOR (Mother's voice)
I love you too, sweetheart.

206 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 206

Sarah hangs up the phone, vaguely disturbed.

CUT TO:

207 INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT 207

Terminator rapidly dials the number Sarah gave.

TERMINATOR (his voice)
Hello.
(pause)
Tell me the address there.

208 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 208

TIGHT ON SEVERAL GROCERY BAGS

covering the counter beside the hotplate in the tiny kitchen.

Reese's hands split one open and its contents spill out.

FULL SHOT

Sarah looks through Reese's haul.

SARAH
Let's see. Corn syrup. Amonia. Moth balls... Mmm. What's for dinner?

REESE
(preoccupied)
Plastique.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED: 208

There are also boxes of shotgun shells, road flares, tape, scissors, pans, a strainer and many other odd utensils, substances, and chemicals.

SARAH
What's that?

REESE
Nitroglycerin, basically. Bit more stable. I learned how to make it when I was a kid.

Sarah looks a bit stricken as she contemplates the evening ahead.

209 EXT. HIGHWAY/CHEVY CAMARO - NIGHT 209

The dashlight illuminates Terminator from beneath as he drives through the night. He looks like Death. His left eye glows a faint red in the darkness.

210 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 210

A heartwarming domestic scene.
Sarah and Kyle have pulled the dresser out to use as a work-table. Pans, packages and bottles clutter the kitchen, B.G. On the table between them are eight ten-inch lengths of PLUMBER'S PIPE, threaded each end. Kyle is showing Sarah how to tamp the HIGH-EXPLOSIVE PUTTY into the pipe bombs and seal them shut.

REESE
Make sure there's none on the threads, like this. Now screw the end-cap on ... very gently.

SARAH
You must have had a fun childhood.

REESE
That's good. Now, seven more like that while I make fuses.

SARAH
I was thinking, there's so much I've got to show you when we get through this. It's mind boggling, the possibilities... Disneyland, the beach, movies... matinees with popcorn and foot-long hot dogs...

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED: 210

REESE
Hot dogs?

SARAH
All the things you've never seen and done. You're here, but wherever you go, and whatever you touch, you bring the war with you.

REESE
My whole life has been combat.

SARAH
I want it to be over for you.

REESE
Not possible.

SARAH
I want it to be over for me too. I feel like I slipped over some invisible line, that I'm in your world now. Everything's the same, but I see it differently. It's like, there's you and me, and him ... but nobody else can understand or help or even touch us.

Reese looks up finally and catches her gaze. He reaches out for her hand and it seems he may be taking it to comfort her.
But he turns her wrist to read her watch.

REESE
We'll head out at 0200. That gives you four hours to sleep if you want. I'll finish.

CUT TO:

211 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 211

ANGLE ON TABLE

The bombs are neatly ranked, finished. A nylon satchel lies nearby. The mess is cleaned up.

WIDE SHOT

reveals Reese sitting in silent vigil at the window. The room is dark, lit only by a streetlight outside. Sarah is asleep on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED: 211

Reese sits cross-legged, shirtless, his body held rigid. The image of discipline. The .38 is held loosely in one hand on his lap. There is a fresh bandage on his shoulder.

Sarah wakes up and goes to him in the darkness. He looks at her for a moment as she sits beside him, then back outside.

SARAH
He'll find us, won't he?

REESE
Probably. Sarah, if I get zeroed--

SARAH
Don't say that.

REESE
If I do, you have to get away, disappear without a trace. Different country, different name, everything. In case they send another one.

SARAH
It'll never be over, will it?

Reese doesn't respond.

SARAH
(continuing)
Look at me. I'm shaking. Some legend, huh? You must be pretty disappointed.

REESE
No. I'm not.

Several beats before Sarah speaks again. Her eyes seem luminous in the dark.

SARAH
(softly)
Kyle, the women in your time... what were they like?

REESE
Good fighters.

SARAH
That's not what I meant. Was there someone special?

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED: 211

REESE
Someone?

SARAH
A girl. You know.

REESE
(mechanically)
No.
(pause)
Never.

He looks away, out the window.

SARAH
(softly)
I'm sorry.

Sarah studies him for a moment.
She's sitting slightly behind him and she puts her hands on his shoulders and back, tracing the lines of his scars with her fingertips.

SARAH
So much pain.

REESE
Pain can be controlled. You disconnect it.

SARAH
And so you feel nothing.

REESE
It's better that way.

SARAH
(with great sympathy)
Oh, Kyle.

Reese takes a long, slow breath before he answers, and when he does his voice has a new quality, an unfamiliar tenderness.

REESE
John Connor gave me a picture of you once. I never knew why. It was very old. Torn. Faded. You were young, like you are now. You weren't smiling... just a little sad... I always wondered what you were thinking at that second.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED: 211

He closes his eyes, reaches toward her. His fingertips trace the contour of her nose, chin, cheeks.

REESE
(continuing)
I memorized every line, every curve...

He opens his eyes, looking right at hers.

REESE
(continuing)
Sarah, I came across time for you. I love you. I always have.

Sarah is quietly overwhelmed.
Reese looks away.

REESE
(continuing)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said--

SARAH
Kyle...

She leans forward and kisses him.

His face is frozen. A mask.
She continues, tenderly.
He begins to respond.
The dam breaks and he holds her in a tight, trembling embrace, clinging to her like life itself.

Kyle picks her up and carries her to the bed.
She kisses his neck and chest, tracing his scars with her lips.

He unbuttons her blouse very slowly.
Sarah guides his powerful hands over her.

A SEQUENCE OF CUTS. DETAILS. IMPRESSIONS:

Sarah, a VERY CLOSE ANGLE, as she grimaces in divine agony.
Reese, his face rapt.
His hand, clutching the pillow as if to kill it.
It is explosive, torrential. A confluence of fate and will.

DISSOLVE TO:

212 INT. MOTEL ROOM/LATER - NIGHT 212

TIGHT ON SARAH AND REESE in each other's arms. Lying across his chest, she surveys his face as his eyes close drowsily.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED: 212

She begins running her fingertips along the sides of his chest, under his arms.
Reese looks down, puzzled.

REESE
What are you doing?

SARAH
(continuing/doggedly)
It's called tickling. You'll beg for mercy in a second.

Reese seems unperturbed. Finally he begins to squirm.

REESE
I don't think I like this.

SARAH
You're not supposed to.

Now Reese is begoming desperate. A grimace spreads across his face. It becomes a grin. Then he's laughing, trying to escape but she won't let him, and they collapse, laughing together.
Sarah gazes at his grin, a glimpse of the Reese that might have been, in another life.

Their grins fade.
They gaze at each other, stretching a moment that can't last.
It's Sarah that pulls away.

SARAH
Come on. Let's get moving.

ANGLE ON REESE

shirtless, tying his shoes. Sarah is nearby, pulling on her top.
Reese freezes at the sound of DOGS BARKING.

Reese is off the bed in an instant, crouched tense, eyes alert. Feral as ever.

REESE
(whispering)
Listen to the dogs.

213 OMITTED 213

214/FX EXT. MOTEL/TERMINATOR'S POV - NIGHT 214/

In cyborg-vision we see the German shepherd, barking furiously, lunging repeatedly TOWARD CAMERA on its chain.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

PAN OFF, approaching the doors to the rooms.

The nearest vehicle parked in front is a LARGE PICKUP TRUCK
* WITH A DIRT BIKE lashed in the bed, seen prominently as we *
pass.

The POV approaches a door. Number 14.

The door is KICKED OPEN.
Moving inside.
The assault rifle sprays the room, exploding the indistinct forms on the bed. Staccato glare. Approaching the bed. Nothing there but the shredded remains of sheets and pillows.

The POV shifts to the BACK DOOR, which is ajar, and moves toward it. Through the door. Revealing an EMPTY YARD.

215 INT. PICKUP TRUCK/PARKING LOT - NIGHT 215

Reese is under the dash, playing with the wires.
Sarah lies on the seat, clutching the nylon satchel, which bulges with the explosive charges.

* Reese twists the wires and the engine starts to turn over. *

216 INT./EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 216

Terminator spins at the sound of the truck engine catching.

FAST PANAGLIDE WITH HIM as he runs the length of the suite, through the front door.

He raises the assault rifle.
Reese's pickup launches toward him.
Slams him back against the wall as it screeches in an arc across the sidewalk, destroying a soft-drink machine. The pickup roars across the parking lot.

Terminator rolls to his feet.
Picks up the fallen assault rifle.
Runs with powerful strides to his motorcycle.
He leaps on, starting it in one motion and shoots across the parking lot with the front wheel barely on the ground.

.7 OMITTED 217*

218 OMITTED 218

219/FX OMITTED 219/FX

220 INT./EXT. HIGHWAY/PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT 220

Reese slides the truck onto the highway and guns it, burying the throttle. Traffic is light...a few 18-wheelers. The truck tops out at 110 and he holds it.

Behind them a single headlight grows BRIGHTER, CLOSING.

221 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 221

LOW WIDE ANGLE preceding Terminator on the bike. He is tucked, getting as much speed as possible out ot the 750. As he GAINS ON THE CAMERA, FILLING FRAME, he unslings the assault rifle. Raises it against the windstream in a one-handed pistol grip.

* 222 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT 222 *

Reese motions Sarah to keep her head down.
Instead she slips open the satchel and hands him a pipe charge.
She pushes in the cigarette lighter on the dash.
Reese glances in the mirror.

223 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 223

Terminator closes on the pickup.
They weave together like a slalom between 18-wheelers and other vehicles.
Terminator fires.
Bullets rake the pickup's tailgate, shatter the rear window.
The windshield.

224 INT./EXT. PICKUP - NIGHT 224

Sarah is buffeted as Reese fights to control the skidding truck.

REESE
Switch places with me.

She slides over him while he keeps the hammer down.

* 225 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 225 *

Reese is out the side window to the waist...watching the fuse burn low on the charge in his hand. He hurls it.
It bounces in front of Terminator's bike and EXPLODES.
The bike skids through the smoke.
Reese lights and throws a second bomb.
Another explosion.
Terminator swerves, comes out of it with a shattered faring. A broken headlight.
A third explosion.
A car near Terminator's bike spins out of control.
Terminator FIRES.

Bullets rake the pickup.
The windows are blown out.
The side mirror explodes.
Reese is hit. Drops the charge in his hand, unlit.
Sarah screams and weaves, barely in control.

226 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT 226

Sarah reaches across and pulls Reese's limp body back inside.
He slumps on the seat, moaning. Stunned.

SARAH
Kyle...oh God...

He has a bullet in the chest.
Sarah feels all hope recede.

227 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 227

Terminator crosses behind the truck, coming up on Sarah's side.
He FIRES.
Sarah shrieks as the doorpost next to her head CLANGS with HITS.

The short burst EMPTIES THE GUN.
It CLATTERS TO THE PAVEMENT a moment later, discarded.
Terminator draws his .38. Takes aim.

Sarah SCREAMS. HITS THE BRAKES HARD. CRANKS THE WHEEL.
GLASS behind her EXPLODES with gunfire.

SWERVING VICIOUSLY the truck SLAMS THE BIKE, sending it FLYING INTO A GUARDRAIL. Terminator goes over the handle bars at a hundred miles per hour.

228 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT 228

Sarah fights the wheel, losing control of the slewing pickup.

229 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 229

Terminator and the bike flip over the center guardrail.

He hits the pavement, tumbling, rolling, sliding with a CHATTERING SCREECH and spraying sheets of SPARKS as flesh strips away and steel screams on concrete.
The pickup SWAPS ENDS violently, smashing into the guard-rail.

230 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 230

Terminator slides to a stop in the middle of the oncoming lanes.

231 INT./EXT. PICKUP - NIGHT 231

Sarah is slammed hard as the truck grinds to a stop against the guardrail. She checks Kyle. He is barely conscious.

She turns to look at the body of Terminator in the opposing traffic lane.

232 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 232

After a long moment Terminator slowly rolls over and sits up.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: 232

LOW ANGLE as he rises into FRAME, a mass of blood. Clothing and skin in tatters.

HEADLIGHTS FLARE behind him and an AIRHORN BLARES.

FULL SHOT as a TRACTOR-TRAILER GASOLINE TANKER smashes him down and under with a METALLIC CRASH.

ANGLE UNDER TANKER as Terminator rolls, clattering, and the mass blurs above him. He RICOCHETS between the pavement and the speeding undercarriage until a stray bounce flings him up into the rear suspension. He clings with inhuman strength.

233 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 233

ANGLE ON SARAH

at the door of the pickup. She raises one fist in the air triumphantly.

SARAH
Alriiight!

234 INT. TANKER CAB - NIGHT

The stunned DRIVER hits the brakes. His PARTNER grabs his arm.

PARTNER
Don't stop.

They lock eyes for a moment.

DRIVER
I have to, man.

235 OMITTED 235

236 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 236

Sarah watches the truck roll on without leaving a body in its wake.
She feels a premonitory dread.

237 EXT. HIGHWAY/TANKER 237

Beneath the braking semi, Terminator CRAWLS UPSIDE-DOWN, hand over hand like a HUMAN FLY, toward CAMERA. The left eye GLOWS LIKE A COAL in the dark. As the pavement stops beneath him he drops off and rolls out from under the truck.

238 INT. TANKER CAB - NIGHT 238

The driver looks around in astonishment as his door is ripped open.
Terminator appears. A grisly apparition.
FLINGS THE DRIVER OUT and takes his place behind the wheel.
Ignoring the terrified partner, he examines the controls.

238/FX POV - TERMINATOR - NIGHT 238/FX

In digitized cyborg-vision we see an ABSTRACT OF THE INSTRUMENTS. The shift lever is extended graphically down into a three-dimensional SCHEMATIC OF THE TRANSMISSION. Analytical DATA PRINTS OUT RAPID-FIRE.

239 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 239

Sarah watches in growing horror as the door to the distant tractor-cab opens and the partner leaps out... hits the ground running.
The nightmare refuses to end.
The pickup is out of action. Flat tire.
She searches the cab frantically for the KEYS TO THE MOTORCYCLES. Finds them above the sunvisor.

Sarah leaps into the bed of the pickup and attacks the motorcycle strap-downs frantically.

The tanker ROARS, begins to move. Swings in a ponderous arc.

Panting with terror she rolls the bike off the truck.
It crashes on its side and she falls on it painfully.

The tanker TEARS THROUGH THE DIVIDING FENCE.
Turns toward her.

Straining until she CRIES OUT INVOLUNTARILY, she lifts the bike upright.
KICKS the engine over.

* LOW ANGLE *

up the face of the tractor-trailer, the retaining wall blurring by. Terminator's red eye can be seen behind the windshield.
The truck BELLOWS, shifting up through the gears.

Sarah kicks again and again, crying out with each stroke. Again and again, furiously.

SARAH
(rapidly)
Come on, come on, come on...run, you...

(CONTINUED)

*239 CONTINUED 239 *

Sarah looks down.
DETAIL - Two high-velocity rifle bullets have shattered the engine case.

The bike is useless.
She looks up.
The truck is bearing down on her B.G., a mountain of metal.

She drags Reese, stumbling, from the cab of the ruined pickup.
Hauls him over the retaining wall.

LOW ANGLE

as the tanker demolishes the pickup a moment later,
TOSSING IT ASIDE LIKE A BEER CAN.

240 OMITTED 240

241/242 OMITTED 241/242

243 OMITTED 243

244 EXT. INDUSTRIAL SITE - NIGHT 244

* Sarah and Kyle scramble under a locked gate and run across the * STORAGE LOT of a MODERN FACTORY COMPLEX of LOW BUILDINGS. Kyle struggles to keep up, holding the satchel.

LIKE A JUGGERNAUT the truck follows, smashing through parked cars and a chain link security gate, demolishing the guard shack.
They enter an alley-like space between two buildings.
Kyle is fumbling to open the satchel.

245 INT. TANKER CAB - NIGHT 245

OVER TERMINATOR'S SHOULDER, looking down at a tiny figure below, running in the headlights' glare. It is Sarah, alone.

CUT TO:

246 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 246

Reese crouches in a TRASH DUMPSTER which is sandwiched between the wall and the tanker. There are only inches of clearance as the trailers pass by.

He lights a PIPE CHARGE, jumps up and wedges it under the tank-cylinder of the second trailer.
He ducks as it rolls on.

(CONTINUING)

246 CONTINUED: 246

Sarah is stumbling in the glare of the truck's lights.

E.C.U. - PIPE BOMB

the fuse burning.

M.C.U. - TERMINATOR

through the windshield, his eye glowing.

C.U. - REESE

huddled in the dumpster.

247/FX LOW WIDE ANGLE ON SARAH AND TRAILER (PROCESS SHOT) - NIGHT 247/F

The REAR TRAILER EXPLODES. AN UNBELIEVABLE FIREBALL ERUPTS SKYWARD, silhouetting Sarah's running figure F.G. The dumpster is enveloped by fire and hurled, rolling, down the alley.

Sarah makes it around a corner as the FORWARD TRAILER EXPLODES and an OCEAN OF FLAME rolls forward, blasting by her.

The dumpster topples and Kyle rolls out, surrounded by fire.

248/FX SEQUENCE - TERMINATOR - NIGHT 248/F

In the center of the inferno Terminator struggles violently. His FLESH FRIES AND SIZZLES. He tears loose from the TWISTED WRECKAGE and collapses to the ground. Sinks into a CHARRED MASS. STOPS MOVING.

C.U. - TERMINATOR

mouth open, skull-like, motionless in the flames.

249 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 249

Sarah crawls away from the intense heat and lies watching the motionless figure in the blaze.

250 EXT. ALLEY/FAR END - NIGHT 250

Sarah rounds the corner, staggering, searching. She sees Kyle crumpled face-down near the dumpster, sheltered from the heat by its mass.

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED: 250

She drags him away. Rolls him over.

C.U. - KYLE

His head lolls. He opens his eyes.

REESE
(weakly)
Sarah.

SARAH
We did it, Kyle. We got it.

She hugs him.

250/FX FULL SHOT (PROCESS) 250/F

They hold the embrace, silhouetted by the diminishing flames.
It would be a wonderful final image.
Except... TERMINATOR STAGGERS OUT OF THE BLAZE BEHIND THEM.

M.C.U. - TERMINATOR

the last flakes of flesh are falling from him like burning leaves. His gleaming structure is revealed in all its intricacy. No longer a 'He', but an 'It'.
It looks like Death rendered in steel.
A CHROME SKELETON with HYDRAULIC MUSCLES and TENDONS OF FLEXIBLE CABLE. In the sockets of the metal skull, the eyeballs swivel with a WHIR of tiny servos, both glowing red now.

It turns slowly and fixes its gaze directly INTO CAMERA.

251 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 251

C.U. - SARAH

She chokes on a scream, crams knuckles in her mouth.

FULL SHOT (FX)

as the machine takes a step toward them, dragging one MALFUNCTIONING LEG.

PANAGLIDE WITH KYLE AND SARAH as they stagger to their feet and run to the nearest building. They come to a glass door. Kyle kicks it in. Unlatches it. They enter dark OFFICES to the sound of ALARMS and DISTANT SIRENS.

252 INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT 252

Sarah and Kyle run down a corridor.
Through a door, which they close and lock.
They move off down a cross-corridor.
The Terminator BLASTS THE DOOR OFF ITS HINGES, F.G., and staggers through. It starts after their receding figures as they round the corner at the end of the hall.

253 INT. OPEN OFFICES - NIGHT 253

Wracked, exhausted, they stumble through a maze of PARTITIONED OFFICE CUBICLES.

254 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 254

The Terminator catches sight of them through a floor-to-ceiling window. It makes an unhesitating right turn through the glass.

255 INT. OPEN OFFICES - NIGHT 255

Sarah and Kyle look back at the sound of SHATTERING GLASS.

FOLLOWING SARAH AND KYLE as they reach a heavy FIREDOOR and go through.

256 INT. MANUFACTURING AREA - NIGHT 256

Kyle slides the bolts on the metal firedoor. Behind them are acres of machinery in darkness. Silence.
CRASH! The Terminator hits the door from the far side.
Hinges SQUEAL.

Kyle goes to a LARGE BREAKER PANEL and opens it. Starts throwing switches. Behind them, machines START UP ONE BY ONE.

SARAH
(panting)
What are you doing?

REESE
(weakly)
Cover... our footsteps...

He sags, sliding down the wall. She pulls him up.
Half-carries him to the maze of machines.
The dark gallery is filled with WHIRRING, CLANKING SHAPES, CHATTERING CONVEYER BELTS and improbably mechanisms lashing mindlessly.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED: 256

Reese slips to the floor and Sarah is no longer able to support him.

REESE
(faintly)
Leave me here.

Sarah crouches beside him.
Grabs his shirt front.
Yells over the machines:

SARAH
I'm not leaving you anywhere, you jerk. Haven't you figured it out? Kyle, John is our son.

Reese's eyes refocus.

SARAH
(continuing)
There isn't going to be anybody else... I don't want anybody else. Listen to me!

She pauses, then resumes in a commanding, military shout.

SARAH
(continuing)
Move! Reese! Let's go soldier. Move your ass!

She drags him to his feet and he staggers on.

Hinges SHATTER and the firedoor is hurled inward.
The Terminator scans the darkness.

ANGLE - PANNING WITH SARAH AND KYLE

as they move through the machines.

The cyborg steps forward, scanning methodically.

Sarah and Kyle move in a crouch through the treacherous tangle of pipes and machinery. Kyle picks up a length of pipe to use as a weapon. As they climb out onto a catwalk between the two huge mechanisms, Sarah clambers over an innocuous CONTROL PANEL.
Her knee inadvertently hits a RED PUSH BUTTON.
With a ROAR the stamping-plate of a HYDRAULIC PRESS slams down an inch from her hand.
Startled, she tumbles to the catwalk.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED: 256

The Terminator's eyes swivel as he hears the single non-rhythmic sound.

Kyle and Sarah run to the end of the catwalk, but find the door is locked.

SARAH
Come on!

They double back to escape the cul-de-sac. The Terminator steps in front of them, cutting them off.

REESE
(shouting)
Run!

He pushes Sarah roughly and she stumbles away.
Kyle raises the pipe with his good arm as the Terminator advances.

REESE
(over his shoulder)
Run, damn it!

She hesitates, backing away.
The cyborg swings at Reese.
STEEL CLANGS ON STEEL.
Kyle strikes and parries but is sledgehammered back.

ANGLE ON CATWALK as Kyle lands in a heap, smashed against a stanchion of the railing which prevented him falling to the factory floor twenty feet below.

Sarah turns and runs.

LOW ANGLE PAST REESE, F.G., as the cyborg approaches him.

E.C.U. - A FUSE BURNING

C.U. - KYLE'S FACE

streaked with blood, pressed to the floor as a metal foot CLANGS DOWN, F.G. His eyes snap open.

Sarah falls, gets up, runs on.
The Terminator draws back for a death blow.
And Kyle rolls with the last of his strength, raising the pipe bomb he has been cradling. He jams it between two hydraulic cylinders just beneath the cyborg's armored ribcage. Then rolls off the catwalk. Terminator has an instant to react, reaching for the bomb, before it EXPLODES.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED: 256

Sarah is pitched forward by the blast and slides on the floor.
Slams up against the wall.
A withering spray of shrapnel strafes the walls around her.
Pieces of scrap metal clatter throughout the factory, raining down.

C.U. - SARAH

very still. She winces and opens her eyes.
Slowly looks up.

POV - SARAH

as the smoke clears. The Terminator is GONE.
Unrecognizable clumps of BURNING DEBRIS lie scattered about.
Looking down through the grating floor she sees Kyle's body.

LOW ANGLE ON KYLE, F.G./SARAH ON CATWALK ABOVE

Kyle's eyes are half-open. Still. His face peaceful.

Sarah looks down. Protruding from her right thigh is a TWISTED PIECE OF METAL. Shrapnel. Part of the Cyborg. She pulls it out, grimacing. Her leg is broken.

It is a long time before she can gather the will to move.

She starts to crawl toward Reese's body.
She passes a LARGE CLUMP OF DEBRIS, F.G.

ANGLE ON DEBRIS (FX)

as it rolls over suddenly!
Now recognizable as the TERMINATOR'S HEAD AND ARMS, with half of the shattered torso trailing wires and twisted metal.

IT LUNGES FOR HER!

Sarah wants to scream this time, from the depths of her soul, but there is no scream, only a dry shivering sob.

The Terminator drags itself SCRAPING over the floor, steel fingers clutching.

Sarah is shaking and whimpering as she scrabbles away, clawing in agony.

ANGLE ON CONVEYOR BELT as Sarah flops from the catwalk onto the MOVING STRIP. She is carried into the intricate lattice of equipment. Sarah rolls off weakly before going under a set of sorting rollers.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED: 256

ANGLE THROUGH MACHINERY - ON THE TERMINATOR (FX)

as it crawls after her, dragging its body. It tracks her unerringly, EYES GLOWING.

Sarah moves deeper into the DARK, CLASHING JUNGLE of machinery.
Around her is a tangle of CABLES, PIPES and unforgiving mechanisms of steel.

The Terminator clambers through after her.

C.U. - SARAH

She catches sight of something. A familiar CONTROL BOX.
She drags herself toward it.

C.U. - THE TERMINATOR (FX)

It spots her wedged in a tiny crawl space. No way out.

It crawls the last few feet, EYES RED IN THE DARK.
Hypnotized, Sarah watches the Terminator REACHING TOWARD HER.
She is jammed in a corner.
Sarah's hand claws around to the front of the control panel, seeking the RED BUTTON.

E.C.U. - HER WET FINGERTIPS FEEL THE BUTTON

ANGLE ON THE TERMINATOR (FX)

His steel hand reaching out.

E.C.U. - SARAH

Her face inexplicably calm, eyes steady in that infinite instant. She clenches her teeth to keep from screaming as she WAITS.

The Terminator's hand reaches for her throat to crush the life out of her and end its long mission.

SARAH
(voice icy)
You're... terminated... fucker!

E.C.U. - BUTTON

as her bloody finger stabs it down.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED: 256

FULL SHOT

showing how the cyborg has been led into the MAW OF THE HYDRAULIC PRESS.
THE STAMPING PLATE THUNDERS DOWN!
Tons of mechanical pressure flatten the Terminator's head and body like tinfoil. The PRESS SCREAMS, jamming solid. Lightning snaps out in one brief blaze, leaping to surrounding machinery, arcing to Sarah's wristwatch. All the Terminator's energy is released in one second.

ANGLE ON THE NARROW GAP BETWEEN THE UPPER AND LOWER PLATES

a pinpoint of red light DWINDLES AND GOES OUT.

TIGHT ON SARAH

shivering uncontrollably. The steel fingers are frozen an inch from her throat. She can only stare as water runs over her.

CUT TO:

257 INT. FACTORY - DAWN 257

CLOSE ON the side rail of an ambulance gurney SNAPPING UP into position. Sarah's eyes are closed as she is moved OUT OF FRAME.

WIDE SHOT

showing the gurney being rolled by TWO ATTENDANTS past the site of the last explosion.
SEVERAL POLICE OFFICERS are picking through the debris.

PANNING WITH THE GURNEY as it is wheeled out, holding on TWO FACTORY EMPLOYEES, F.G.
One, the PLANT MANAGER, bends to examine a piece of the cyborg lying at the base of the hydraulic press.
A COP, B.G. notices this.

COP
Look, I told you not to touch anything until we're done. You got that?

MANAGER
Sure thing, officer.

He stands and palms a small object to HIS ASSISTANT. They step around the corner.

(CONTINUED)

257 CONTINUED: 257

ASSISTANT
What is it?

MANAGER
Microcomputer chassis. But I've never seen stuff like this anywhere.

ASSISTANT
Weird. Jap stuff, maybe?

MANAGER
Keep it out of sight and get it down to R and D Monday, first thing.

ASSISTANT
Good idea.

CUT TO:

258 EXT. BUILDING - DAWN 258

Sarah is being lifted into the ambulance. She closes her eyes, drifting into unconsciousness.

TILT UP as the ambulance door is closed. The sign above the entrance of the building reads:

CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

259 INT./EXT. LANDROVER - LATE AFTERNOON 259

MACRO ON A CASSETTE RECORDER, the center capstans of a tape turning.

SARAH (V.O.)
... and the hardest thing is deciding what I should tell you and what not to. Well, anyway, I've got a while yet before you're old enough to understand the tapes. They're more for me at this point... to help get it all straight.

COVER SHOT

reveals Sarah at the wheel of a dusty landrover parked at the pump island of a tiny gas station. All of its signs are in hand-lettered Spanish. Beyond lies an expanse of scrub desert. The sky scowls with an impending storm.

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED: 259

Sarah speaks quietly into a hand microphone as a dark-complected attendant laconically fills her tank. She cradles the cassette recorder in her lap, in the lee of her SWOLLEN BELLY.
She looks to be about SIX MONTHS ALONG.
Under her down vest she wears a leather shoulder holster and the butt of a .357 REVOLVER presses against her breast. She tugs the vest closed as the attendant glances her way. A German shepherd sits in the back among taped boxes and suitcases.

SARAH
(continuing)
Should I tell you about your father? That's a tough one. Will it change your decision to send him here... knowing? But if you don't send Kyle, you could never be. God, you can go crazy thinking about all this. I suppose I'll tell you... I owe him that. And maybe it'll be enough if you know that in the few hours we had together we loved a lifetime's worth...

CLICK. WHIR. Sarah jumps at a sound nearby, breaking her reverie. A small MEXICAN BOY has snapped her picture with an instant camera. He holds it out to her, speaking rapid Spanish.

ATTENDANT
He says you are very beautiful, Señora, and he is ashamed to ask five American dollars for this picture, but if he does not, his father will beat him.

SARAH
That's a pretty good hustle, kid. Four. Quatro.

The boy takes her four dollars and she watches the snapshot develop. It is a good photograph of her, the wind lightly ruffling her hair, expression thoughtful, slightly sad.

We recognize it as the one Reese carried in 2029.
She slips it into her shirt pocket.

ATTENDANT
Mil trescientos... fifteen dollars American.

(CONTINUED)

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As she pays him, distant thunder rolls.
The boy yells something in Spanish as he runs off.

SARAH
What did he say?

ATTENDANT
(accented)
There is a storm coming in.

Sarah gazes at the thunderheads building up out over the desert. Heat lightning pulses in their depths.

SARAH
(quietly)
I know.

CAMERA CRANES UP as she pulls away, driving across the flat desert on a ribbon of highway. A brilliant flash crescendos from horizon to horizon out at the rim of the world.